WILLIAM McKINLEY

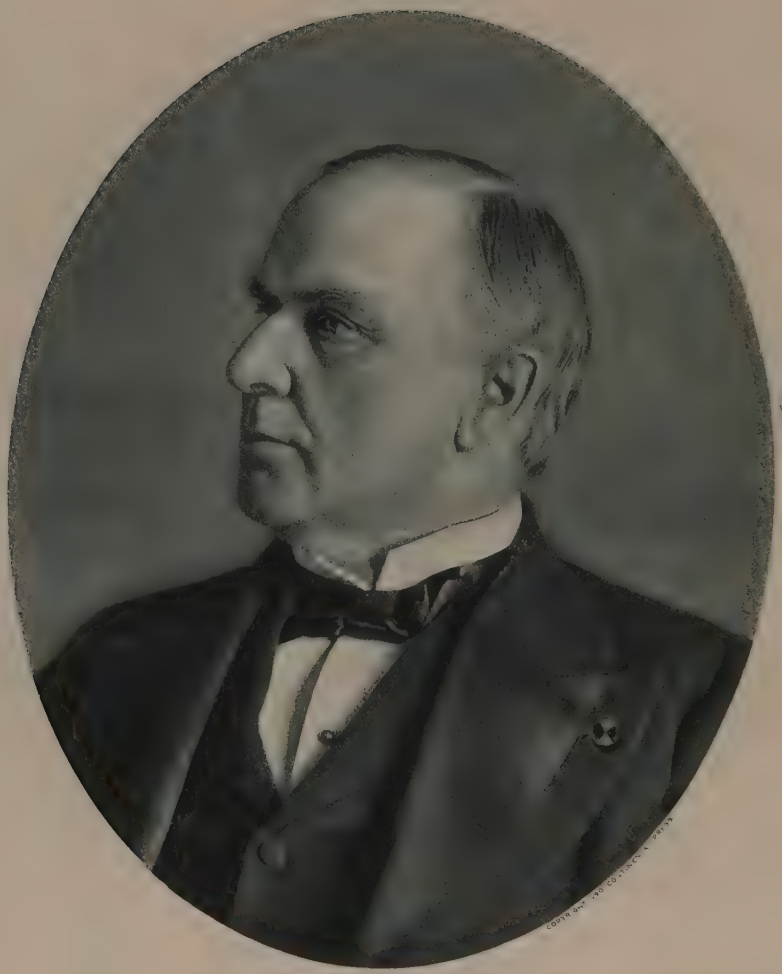
"IT IS GOD'S WAY"

ILLUSTRATED

Presented to
Lanier McLaclan by his
Father
November 17. 1902.

LANIER

WILLIAM McKINLEY



William McKinley

WHITE HOUSE, FEB. 22 1901.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

CHARLES H. GROSVENOR

"IT IS GOD'S WAY"

THE CONTINENTAL ASSEMBLY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1901

ROBERT R. MUNTZ LIBRARY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
TYLER, TEXAS 75701

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY
THE CONTINENTAL ASSEMBLY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Trow Directory
Printing & Bookbinding Company
New York

Contents

PAGE

AUTHOR'S REMARKS 7

WILLIAM MCKINLEY: HIS LIFE AND WORK . . . 9

EDITORIALS FROM REPRESENTATIVE NEWSPAPERS . . . 21

TRIBUTES FROM GOVERNORS OF STATES 127

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR GEORGE K. NASH AT THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL MEETING OF THE FRANKLIN COUNTY BAR . 166

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S LAST SPEECH 168

THE STORY OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S BOYHOOD BY HIS MOTHER 175

PRAYER FOR PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., BY REV. DR. HENRY R. NAYLOR 180

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S EULOGY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY . 182

SOME TIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND 184

LAST WORDS OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN . . . 185

The late President McKinley's physician, Dr. Rixey, states that after his distinguished patient could no longer speak in audible words he could distinguish his lips uttering in whispers the words of the following hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee":

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

The following was a favorite hymn of the late President McKinley, "Lead, Kindly Light":

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

William McKinley

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellowmen, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

It is meet that we as a nation express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday, September 19, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting-place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts the homage of love and reverence to the great and good President, whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the fourteenth day of September, A.D. one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President: (Seal)

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

AUTHOR'S REMARKS

IT is a hard task to write a biographical sketch of a living friend. It is a harder task to write of William McKinley. I knew him for twenty-five years. I was first attracted to his great characteristics as to no other rising public man. I came to know him well. I came to love him dearly. I do not hesitate to use the words "I loved him," but I cannot write as I would wish to now of William McKinley dead.

During last winter, under a contract which I made, I wrote sketches of all the Presidents of the United States for a publication not yet quite ready to be presented to the public. That book will make its appearance in due time and will be a very attractive publication, in my judgment, even aside from the sketches which it gave me so much pleasure to write.

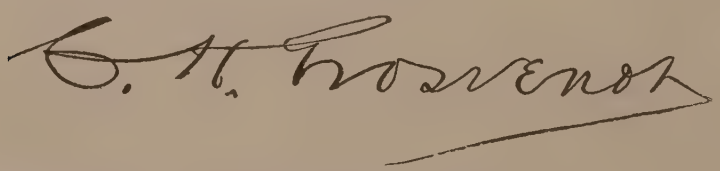
This little volume is intended to convey to the public, at little expense, some of the utterances of the great men of the country and of the great editors of the country who have spoken and written in honor of McKinley. The editorials have been selected from the great dailies, and afford examples of the finest and purest literature. And there are

selections from the eulogies by the governors of States.

I have no financial interest in the publication of this book or the other to which I have referred, and have made no demand upon the publishers for any profit on the sale of this little volume. It has, however, been required by me that a liberal portion of the gross receipts of this volume shall be contributed to the building of a splendid monument to the memory of William McKinley. That is, it shall be a contribution to the enterprise of others, and not as an independent monument. The fund thus raised will be controlled and disposed of by myself in the interest aforesaid, and shall be sacredly used for that purpose and for that purpose alone.

No other publisher has had any authority to use my name in connection with any other publication.

No mention will be made in this book of the creature who has brought mourning into every household of this broad land, and it will be time enough in the future to devote the best energies and the best intelligence of the best men of the United States to ward off and prevent a recurrence of the horrors of the past thirty days.



WASHINGTON, D. C., September 21, 1901.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

His Life & Work

WILLIAM McKINLEY was the twenty-fourth person who held the office of President of the United States. Grover Cleveland was twice elected, with an interval between his first and second administrations, and so by some McKinley is counted the twenty-fifth President, but if that rule obtained there would be duplication of all the Presidents who have held the office twice. It is true that Mr. Cleveland was elected to a second term in a manner widely different from the others who have held the office more than one term, for he was defeated for his second term, in fact, and was renominated and re-elected, but I have chosen to call Mr. McKinley the twenty-fourth President of the United States.

William McKinley was born on the 29th day of January, 1843, at Niles, in Trumbull County, Ohio, in the Congressional District now represented by Hon. Charles Dick. The ancestors of McKinley on the paternal side were Scotch-Irish immigrants from Scotland and became residents of Pennsylvania. His great-grandfather served in the Revolutionary War, and in 1814 went to Ohio and settled there, and the family has resided in that State ever since.

The grandmother of the President, Mary Rose, came from a Puritan family that went from England to Holland and then from Holland to Pennsylvania, coming over with William Penn as one of the colony of the great Quaker. The father of the President, William McKinley, Senior, was born in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, in 1807, and married Nancy Campbell Anderson, of Columbiana County, Ohio, in 1829. Both the father and grandfather of the President were iron manufacturers. The father was a devout Methodist, a Whig and Republican, an advocate of a protective tariff, and in all these particulars the son has followed in the footsteps of his distinguished ancestor. His father died in 1882 at the age of eighty-five. His mother died at Canton, Ohio, in 1897, at the age of eighty-nine.

William McKinley attended the public schools at Niles, the Union Seminary at Poland, Ohio, and for a term attended Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania, and he taught in the public schools. Mr. McKinley was a clerk in a small country post-office when the war began, and on June 11, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He went into active service at once in West Virginia, and it may be said of him during his entire military career that he was always in active service. For special services at Antietam he was promoted to

Second Lieutenant, his commission dating from September 24, 1862, and on February 7, 1863, he was again promoted to First Lieutenant. He was in the great Lynchburg retreat in which his regiment marched 180 miles, practically fighting from start to finish during that long-drawn-out and terrible retreat.

He was in the battle at Winchester and was especially noted for his gallantry. It was here that he performed the feat of personal courage which probably saved a regiment from capture. Going to it with an order under heavy fire, riding at the risk of his life, he delivered the order and saved the regiment. He became Captain at the age of twenty-one years, and was in the fighting in the Shenandoah Valley. At Berryville his horse was shot under him. He served on the staffs of Hayes, Crook, and Hancock, and was brevetted Major of Volunteers by President Lincoln for special bravery in the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill. No man in his grade of service earned brighter distinction for personal gallantry than did young McKinley. At the close of the war, being mustered out on July 21, 1865, he returned to his home at Poland, Ohio, and began the study of law. He attended the law school at Albany, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar at Warren, O., in March, 1867, and removed to Canton, which has ever since been his

home. In 1867 he made his first political speech in favor of the Constitutional Amendment submitted to the voters of Ohio to strike out the word "white" where it appears in the Constitution as a qualification for voters. It was a campaign in which the lowest possible prejudices of man's heart were appealed to by the opposition, and while Hayes was elected Governor by a trifling majority, a Democratic Legislature was chosen and the Constitutional Amendment defeated. In 1869 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Stark County, served one term and was defeated for re-election.

In January, 1871, he married Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a distinguished newspaper editor and banker at Canton. Two daughters were born to them, both of whom died in early childhood. He was elected to Congress in 1876 and came to Washington with the administration of Hayes, under whose command he had served during the greater portion of the war. He was a close personal and confidential friend of Hayes; he believed in Hayes, and Hayes believed in him. He served seven terms in Congress, with the exception that upon a frivolous contest he was unseated about the middle of one term.

He was a candidate for Speaker at the organization of the Fifty-first Congress, but was defeated by Mr. Reed, who gave him the great position of Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and

hence he became leader of the Republican majority of the House. Returning to Ohio he encountered a gerrymander of his district, and while the district had usually given a Democratic majority of between three and four thousand, he came within six or seven hundred of an election. In 1891 he was elected Governor of Ohio by about the usual plurality, and in 1893 he was re-elected by the overwhelming majority of nearly 81,000. He was a friend of Blaine. He supported Blaine for the nomination in 1884, was a member of the Committee on Resolutions and presented the platform to the Convention. He was a Delegate at Large in 1888 and supported John Sherman, and was again chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. In 1892 he was again a Delegate at Large from Ohio and supported the renomination of Harrison. He served as Chairman of the Convention. In that Convention he steadily refused to permit his name to be presented, but, notwithstanding this fact, he received 182 votes for President.

In 1896 he was nominated for President at the St. Louis Convention, receiving 661 1–2 votes to 84 1–2 votes given for Thomas B. Reed, 61 1–2 votes for Matthew S. Quay, 58 votes for Levi P. Morton, and 35 1–2 votes for William B. Allison. He was elected by a plurality of the popular vote of over 600,000 and received 271 electoral votes against 176 for William J. Bryan, of Nebraska.

He was renominated for President by acclamation at Philadelphia on June 21, 1900, and received 292 electoral votes to 155 for William J. Bryan. As heretofore stated, it is not so easy to write of living men as of those who have completed their careers and passed into history. This much may be said of the first term of William McKinley: He encountered vast questions of constitutional law and vast exigencies of administration. He inherited, as it were, from his predecessor, a condition existing between the tremendous popular feeling in the United States in sympathy with the people of Cuba and the dread of war with a foreign power.

Step by step his country was forced into war with Spain. He did not seek this condition and struggled patriotically against it. He believed that diplomacy might accomplish all that war could accomplish and leave this country in far better position than could come of actual hostilities. Never for one moment hesitating to execute the determination of the American people that the domination of Spain should be shaken off from the Gem of the Antilles, he held back earnestly against precipitating hostilities, and it may well be believed to-day but for the mysterious sinking of the Maine in the harbor of Havana his purpose in that behalf would have been achieved. This country was ill prepared for war. With an army of less than

25,000 effective men, without arms and ammunition or appliances, war came. In February, prior to the declaration of war in April, Congress appropriated $50,000,000 to be used by the President to put the country on a war footing and prepare for the exigencies that seemed so imminent.

The expenditure of that money, under the direct personal administration of the President, produced marvellous results, and in a brief sketch it is only possible to say that before the first day of July, 1898, we had an army of a quarter of a million of men, armed, equipped, well fed, well housed and well clothed. It is not my purpose to discuss the operations of the army or the navy. It is sufficient to say that before August 10th of that year, within one hundred and twenty days from the declaration of war, Spain had been overthrown and conquered on land and sea, stripped of her navy and her army destroyed, and both substantially made prisoners.

The achievement of the United States in the organization and preparation for war, the administration of all the branches of the army and naval service, and the distinction won by our soldiers and sailors on land and sea, is a chapter in the world's history, brilliant beyond comparison or description. Following the war came the great questions of what was to be done with the acquired territory. By the treaty of Paris, which was signed December 10, 1898, we acquired the sovereignty of Porto Rico

and the Philippine Islands, and the grave questions which arose are still undecided. Among the foreign complications which fell to the lot of President McKinley's administration to solve, and which met him on the very threshold, was the Hawaiian affair. The withdrawal of the treaty negotiated by Mr. Harrison from the Senate by President Cleveland left for four years a condition of substantial anarchy in the Sandwich Islands. McKinley made haste to bring about a ratification of the treaty of annexation, and his administration has proceeded gradually, but constantly, to the work of the establishment of civil government in those islands. Other complications met him, including the Behring Sea seal question, which caused no little irritation, but which was finally satisfactorily settled and disposed of. Great irritation grew up between the settlers and gold-seekers along the Alaskan boundary, but by wisely arranged *modus vivendi* satisfactory results are in process of being reached.

From the very first President McKinley bent to the task of removing the lingering prejudice and ill-feeling existing between the North and the South, which for thirty-three years had followed the Civil War. Without going into details it is proper in this connection to say that at the end of his first administration the traces and scars of civil strife are practically eliminated and a better condition of

feeling exists between the North and the South than has ever existed from the days of Calhoun down to the present hour. Conciliation with firmness, recognition of the merits of all men, and the just appreciation of adverse opinion, have been the strong characteristics of his administration.

Mr. McKinley had served in the House of Representatives for a long period of time. In that relation he had come in close contact with the men prominent in affairs in the United States. He had been himself a strong, uncompromising Republican. His partisanship never faltered when it was a question of his party's success, but his judgment and appreciation of the men of the Democratic Party was so fair and so generous that he found himself duly appreciated by the men of the Democratic Party who had served with him in Congress, and this fact alone smoothed the way to the relations now existing between the President and the minority of the country. While the campaign of 1900 was bitterly fought on both sides, the personal popularity of McKinley is traceable in the election returns from every precinct in the Democratic States. No partisan candidate for President ever received so large a vote from the opposite party as did McKinley. The numbers ran up into many thousands in many of the Southern States, as indicated by the small pluralities against McKinley in the very districts and States where large plurali-

ties or majorities were given for the regular Democratic candidates for Governor, for Congressman and for other officers.

It was said of him during his first campaign that he would be unduly yielding to pressure, that he would mould his sentiments to escape antagonism with persistent advisers, and that he would be dominated by leaders of his party. The end of his first administration shows that there was not the smallest foundation for any one of these suggestions. While he has ever been yielding to the opinions of others, when his own opinion was thereby modified, he has exhibited a steady, unyielding purpose of his own to carry into effect by his administrative acts the great principles and ideas he believed to underlie the foundations of the Government and to be indispensable to its prosperity.

At the close of his first administration he has the great joy to recognize that during no other four years of the history of this country was there ever such mighty strides of prosperity witnessed here or elsewhere. The growth of business, the expansion of trade, the development of manufactures, the employment and compensation of labor, the prosperity of agriculture with the growth of the national sentiment at home and the recognition of the mighty power and consequence of the nation abroad, have given to his administration a degree of

success unparalleled. The personal characteristics of McKinley were most attractive. No comparison should be instituted between the personality of public men, much less the President of the United States, but McKinley was, in his relation to the masses of the people, and with all the people, from the highest to the lowest, a marvel of genial habits and characteristics which it would be vain for me to attempt to describe. He upheld the dignity of the Presidential office and reached with hand and heart of man to every person who ever came in contact with him. The geniality and kindliness with which he was wont to meet the people was as genuine as the shining of the sun in the morning. There was none of the sycophant, none of the hunter for popularity, none of the tricks of the handshaker, but the genial, warm-hearted, true man who looks his neighbor in the face and recognizes the imprint of the Maker.

NOTE.—The foregoing sketch was written in January, 1901, during the lifetime of William McKinley and appears exactly as written at that time. The publication of this book having been delayed so long, it remains now to be stated that William McKinley was assassinated in the Temple of Music of the Buffalo Exposition on September 6, 1901. He lingered with great promise of recovery until the early hours of September 13, 1901, when a reaction set in, which resulted in his untimely death at 2.15 on the morning of September 14, 1901. He died at the residence of John W. Milburn, President of the Buffalo Exposition. His remains were conveyed from Buffalo to the Capitol

in Washington, where they laid in state on September 17th, and were thence conveyed to Canton, O., where they were laid to rest on September 19th.

It is impossible for me to add words of sufficient eulogy to satisfy my own feelings. To the great mass of American people the death of McKinley came as a personal grief and a permanent personal sorrow. There was not a city, town, hamlet, shop, mine, factory, or farm in the United States that did not exhibit tokens of grief. Words of condolence and sympathy came from every civilized nation on the globe. Nothing like it has ever been witnessed as the result of the death of any man. Not alone respected, he was beloved by the people. Tears flowed, eulogies were pronounced, houses were draped all over the world. On the day of his funeral the entire commerce of the United States, even to the street railroads and trolley lines, ceased for five minutes, and there was an absolute silence of all business enterprise and business movement throughout the United States; a great tribute to the man who had done so much for the welfare of his country. He died in the full vigor of his great manhood. He fell right at his post of duty. He fell when his great policies had reached their culmination in the prosperity of his country, the abolishment of sectional lines, the fraternity of sentiment and action, and amid the tears of his devoted people.

Editorials from Representative Newspapers

Cincinnati Daily Enquirer.

THE PRESIDENT NO MORE.

The mortal end of President William McKinley has come. To him the mystery of the other and better world is unsealed. "'Tis but a man gone," if we view the incident from the standpoint of every-day life. With thousands of others who had held brief careers on this big round globe, his spirit fled on the 14th of September, 1901. The tragedy of nature has a fearful enactment every day, if we stop in our vocations and our pleasures to count those who have fallen in the unremitting battle of existence. If each person were called upon to mourn all the dead, there would be an unceasing deluge of tears.

Ordinarily, when a life goes out the busy world goes on and scarcely heeds the murmurs of the few who are directly bereaved. This is a part of the wise provision of nature. It is only when a man of exalted position, and of great moral worth, passes away, that grief assumes the mien of universality—that "enterprises of great pith and moment" are arrested in the general tribute, not merely to the man, but to the mighty interests and civilizations which he represents by the voice of the people. It is also wise that on such an occasion the lesson of the brevity of life—brief alike to sovereign and peasant, to President and plain citizen—should impress itself on all.

The awful shock to the President's invalid wife, to his imme-

diate relatives and intimate friends, is something so inexpressible that no one could adequately write it without a deep feeling of sorrow and sympathy that in themselves disarm his pen. But it is still a more solemn event in its general aspect. It is the result of the work of a wretched assassin against the voice of eighty millions of people who give the model Republic the breath of life. A murderer has braved the sentiment of a free and enlightened people and made a great country almost desperate in its helplessness against a vulgar criminal.

The great heart of American citizenship beats in sorrow for William McKinley as a man and as a Chief Executive.

The consolation upon which we must rely is in the perpetuity of our institutions—their stable strength against the most fearful shocks. Great men have come and gone, and contributed their sparks of genius to the creation of the fabric that is indestructible. William McKinley has done his part. He has made his impress, and the Government will go on without him and his predecessors in the cause of the public.

San Francisco Call.

DEAD.

The President's death, coming close upon the bright promise of his recovery, hurts the good heart of the people more than if the assassin's malice had effected its purpose immediately. In the universal sorrow there is little to be said that is comforting. Our people have taken pride in the peculiarly American career of their Presidents. Washington was the owner of a large estate, but his life was that of a plain man, the planter's life of his time, and aside from his work as a civil engineer and his military experience, his interests were with the land, the crops, and the markets, and his country.

The elder and younger Adams were more nearly patrician

than any others of our Presidents. Jefferson lived upon the income of his land, and Madison and Monroe were men of means below the average of their time. Jackson was orphaned by the Revolution in his childhood. His mother died by the wayside on her way from nursing the wounded Continentals, and while in the Presidency he was concerned in the marketing of the crops produced, and the skins of wild animals killed, on the lands around the Hermitage. Martin Van Buren's life began among humble surroundings at Kinderhook, and both the Harrisons had rugged struggles in early life. Lincoln and Johnson had no heritage but their genius. Grant began on an Ohio farm. Garfield was a barefoot boy on the canal, and Cleveland had his growth upward through a weight of poverty and privation.

To this class belonged William McKinley. The first necessity of his life was self-support, and the Civil War found him a youth contributing cheerfully as a breadwinner to the typically American family into which he was born. The tocsin stirred him to immediate action, and he entered the ranks as a private soldier, offering his life for that of his country, to witness the victory of the Union as a commissioned officer.

In Congress, as Governor of his State, and as President, he was always the typical American. On him no experience was lost. His early privations, his observations as an industrial doctrinaire, his keen analysis of the conditions of popular prosperity, formed in him the resolution to do his might for the industrial, financial, and commercial supremacy of his country, to the end that not only should opportunity be equal and better than in his youth, but that the means of men to grasp it should be increased. Dominated by this idea, his election to the Presidency made him the instrument of its realization.

He has fallen in the midst of his fruition among men. By his fidelity his country is the foremost nation. No empire past or present exceeded its power. He found it industrially depressed and financially dependent. It mourns with his house-

hold, a nation that centres within itself the power to dictate to the world.

The day that a wretched assassin executed upon him the malice of his detractors, his country could boast the largest number of the best paid laborers, the most prosperous farmers and manufacturers in the world, the most contented homes, the best fed and best clothed people upon whom the sun shines. In all this his agency was direct and not intermediate. The benefactor of his country dies, murdered by a monster who prates in justification his love of "the common people!" A typical American, the light of the nation's life, is dead, slain by the distorted spawn of imported degeneracy, inspired by a sentiment promoted by one who should be outlawed by all races and all nations and scorned by all men.

The nation will wipe away its tears and go forward. The great President survives himself. The impulse his potent genius has given to the interests of the people will continue. This is a land of law which all make, all must obey, and none can assassinate. His constitutional successor will take the great office and its great responsibilities, and bear them like a man. The assassin sought to murder a nation, but that nation will live with power unimpaired. It will fulfil the high destiny devised for it by its stricken citizen and chief. Its people will draw closer together. They will, with awakened zeal, demand that American life and energy shall be less polluted by the turbid stream that has poured upon our shores, bringing the morbid and murderous blood that breeds such reptiles as this assassin. They will more quickly mark the degenerate ingrate among themselves, whose cunning lies and false alarms misrepresent his country. Over the white face of the dead they will take a fresh oath of fidelity to freedom, to American principles, to a higher sense of duty, and they will make this a land in which no traitor to the principles of its people can live.

While the bells toll for the dead and the sombre emblems of

mourning are abroad, and the sun shines less brightly and men go softly and downcast, let no one mistake it all for a sign of despair. It means heart-soreness and sorrow as the beginning of a high resolve that toleration of the causes of this mighty crime has ended.

From the Washington Post.

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

Our beloved President is dead. The hopes, the almost confident expectations, with which we entered upon the current week have led us to his grave. Even as lately as three days ago the buoyant feeling prompted by the official bulletins still possessed us. Millions of men and women rejoiced in what they had accepted as a sure promise of his restoration. Even yesterday they hoped. But the end is here. The shadow fades upon the wall. And of William McKinley, a few hours ago the greatest ruler in the whole world, there remains only the memory of his abundant virtues and the shining record of his honorable achievement.

One risks nothing in the assertion that no President of the United States since the foundation of the American Union ever won so thoroughly the personal affection of his fellow-citizens. We have had soldiers and statesmen, patriots and martyrs, and they have commanded our admiration, our enthusiasm, our gratitude, our loyalty. But Mr. McKinley had all this and more—he had our sympathies, our impulses of fellow-feeling, our brotherly and filial devotion. It is no small thing for a Chief Magistrate, set above eighty million of people, to secure not only the respect and confidence, but the deep and genuine friendship of those over whom he has been called to rule. It is, indeed, a thing as rare as it is great, for it is given only to such as truly love their brethren and demonstrate it in their daily lives.

McKinley was so deeply rooted in the nation's love, he had so enveloped himself in popular esteem, not even the bitterest enemies of the Republican Party could be brought to imagine evil in his case, no matter what scandal might touch the organization itself. Whatever happened, his 'scutcheon was clear and bright. Under any circumstances, the people's faith in him was fixed.

What indescribable pathos characterizes the closing chapter of this remarkable career! Ten days ago he stood erect, the figure of a fine virility, full of health and strength, his intellectual powers at their zenith. He had scarcely entered upon his second term as President, having been re-elected under circumstances that made his success almost a national ovation. Beloved on every hand, honored, trusted, hailed as the people's friend and sympathizer; sure of popular support in everything and anything he did, he was the most enviable public man in all the world. To-day he lies in his coffin, ready for the tomb. Mankind will honor his memory not less for the splendid fortitude with which he met his fate than for the triumphs he achieved in life. History furnishes no nobler spectacle than that of the stricken President, one hand upon his breast, looking with a gentle pity at the wretch who had just wounded him to death. History records no more touching episode than that of Mr. McKinley lapsing slowly into unconsciousness, and, while the surgeons waited, whispering, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done," as he passed into the world of dreams. A Christian soldier, he. With the shadows closing round about him, shutting out the fair vision of an earthly greatness without parallel upon this globe, it was as though he heard the Master's call, which others could not hear, and his brave lips answered: Adsum! Then came awakening, an interval of hope and cheerfulness, illumined always by that patient courage which had ennobled the whole tragedy, and then the darkening valley, the weary eyes, the final sleep.

No place now for conventional retrospect or calculating fore-

cast. We give this hour to our grief. The man we loved lies dead, the victim of a crime too diabolical for words—a crime which stuns while it afflicts us. But we know that he died humbly, lovingly, without fear. He must have fancied the green fields and heard the running brooks, and seen the purple changing on the hill, for as he passed he murmured:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

From the Baltimore Sun.

THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

The death of President McKinley, after the optimistic and cheering reports which have come from his bedside day after day, is scarcely less of a shock to the country than was the announcement of the murderous attack upon him. The false hopes upon which the public has been fed serve, indeed, to intensify the general grief and depression and add the pang of bitter disappointment to the original burden of regret and sorrow. Many persons of experience and conservatism, it is true, accepted the daily bulletins issued at Buffalo with considerable allowance for the possibility of human error, but the physicians and surgeons in attendance on the President were men of eminence in their profession, and the tone of their bulletins was so confident and buoyant that the great majority of people were led to believe that the danger-point had been passed and that the recovery of the distinguished patient was in all probability but a matter of a few weeks. The fall from this height of hope is, as we have said, a second blow scarcely less severe than the first, and invests the momentous tragedy with a deep pathos that touches every heart. The physicians will doubtless be the objects of criticism in many quarters, but whether their explanations are entirely satisfactory or not, it should be re-

membered that the issues of life and death are in higher hands than theirs, and that they exerted all their skill and intelligence in the struggle against death. The melancholy termination of the battle shows that medical and surgical science still fights in the dark in many cases against its old antagonist, Death, and that there are still many things connected with life and disease undreamt of in its philosophy. If the President was not to recover, it was unquestionably best both for him and the country that he should have passed away after his brief illness of little more than a week, rather than have been doomed to linger on in suffering for two months and a half, like President Garfield. Both he and the country are saved the protracted agony of suspense and pain which would have been involved in a long and vain contest with a fatal wound, and we have the sad satisfaction of knowing that he has been saved the torture of a lingering death, the keen pangs of hope deferred, and the weariness of mind and body that oppress the sufferer who is forced to pass slowly through the valley of the great shadow.

Little more than ten months ago William McKinley seemed one of the favorite sons of fortune. Re-elected to the chief office of the nation by an overwhelming electoral vote after one of the most tremendous struggles in our political annals and a campaign involving issues of world-wide consequence, he rode conspicuous on the crest of that great wave of victory as one of the most important and significant figures of contemporaneous history. Identified with a new and far-reaching policy of government that placed us among the national dictators of the world, and the representative of a new régime of aspiration that stretched out its hands for power and business development to the uttermost ends of the earth, no other ruler among men seemed to stand on so glorious a summit of possibility as an architect of national greatness and a moulder of national destiny. His future appeared full of nothing but greatness and good fortune, while that of his Presidential rival suggested only

political obscurity and failure. And yet if he had been defeated last November and his Democratic rival elected, he would have been alive to-day and Mr. Bryan would probably have been the victim of the undiscriminating anarchist, whose murderous creed knows no distinction of party or form of government. This would seem to be the very mockery of fate. And yet it was not a fate which Mr. McKinley would have been willing to escape at the sacrifice of what he considered his duty to his country. Now that he lies silent in the calm radiance of death the passions and prejudices of "life's little day" give way to a broader charity and to a deeper insight, and we see face to face the soul which we saw as through a glass darkly during the storms of faction and the clouds of party rivalry. Duty and destiny were favorite words of Mr. McKinley, and we can cheerfully concede now that they came from his heart, and that as he was true to his conceptions of duty he would not have shirked his destiny, dark and bloody though it has been, could he have foreseen that his re-election was but the portal to death. It was another of the fortunate circumstances of his misfortune that while his sufferings were not prolonged, he lived long enough to know of the outpouring of national love which the attack on him produced and of the universal good-will and esteem with which he was personally regarded in every section of the country. He lived long enough to feel the solace of the prayers that men offered for his recovery, and to realize that if destiny had given him a martyr's cross, it also brought the martyr's crown of immortality and honor. Quite as truly as any soldier who falls in battle, he died for his country as the victim of a social propaganda which wages war against the representatives of all civilization and government.

The Divine Healer did not answer, as we asked, our prayers for his recovery. We asked for his life, and He has given him "a long life, even forever and ever." His own prayer as he sank into unconsciousness before the surgical operation was that

of the soldier and the Christian—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done." It was the spirit of one ready for any fate, the spirit of a manly, Christian gentleman, who had faced danger and death and all the problems of life many times before, and was prepared to face the last great problem with the same brave and unshaken heart. In this solemn moment, when death unites the nation in a brotherhood of sorrow, all true Americans will delight in doing honor to the noble personal qualities which illuminated the life of Mr. McKinley and made him a splendid type of American manhood, which is the highest expression of humanity. Mr. McKinley was a man of strong and solid mind, if not of brilliant intellectuality, and history will give him high rank among our Presidents, not only because of his association with the great events of his time, but because of real ability and comprehensive grasp in public affairs, and this without reference to whether he was right or wrong in his views of government policy. But his moral qualities are those which the American people will admire and dwell upon most at this juncture—his personal and public purity, his kindly heart and generous impulses, his shining domestic virtues, his love of country, and his brave and undaunted soul. If his name is associated in history with grave changes in governmental policy and national attitude as regards foreign affairs, it will also be associated with the patriotic and noble effort to bury sectional discord at home and to unite in peace and love the States torn asunder many years ago by hate and war. Standing by the man who has died for the nation, we are all to-day Americans, and nothing but Americans. As the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church, the tragedy of Mr. McKinley's death should strengthen the foundations of the Republic by bringing closer together all who love free institutions and giving fresh power to old ideals and aspirations. His touching prayer—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done"—should be the inspiration for the revival of a higher Americanism that will know no rivalry but that of bring-

ing our republican institutions to the loftiest attainable level and of making our common country better, greater, and more glorious than ever before.

Los Angeles Express.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY IS DEAD.

At last the worst has been realized. The President's assassin did his atrocious work in a manner that was surely deadly. President McKinley breathed his last at 2.15 this morning. The particulars of his passing are given in the despatches from Buffalo in sufficient detail.

The life of President McKinley has been sacrificed on the altar of firm government and rational being. The assassin, that most detestable of creatures, has robbed the Government of the United States of its executive head, and the people of the United States of the man they have delighted to regard as the first citizen of the Republic.

And now he is cut short in his high and brilliant career. He is dead! President McKinley is no more. The Los Angeles "Express," with all other patriotic journals and all good citizens, commits him to lasting history. His name and the story of his tragic ending never will be forgotten.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE NATION'S LOSS.

The President is dead. No words can add and none can speak the loss to a land which for the third time in our day stands by the bier of a President slain.

Death lifts all to a new light and a new place in the hearts of men. Nor less with the great man gone. He had all that can come to the sons of men. He fought for his land in his

youth. He early won its wide praise. He shared through all his mid and active years in its greater work. Twice he was called to be its head.

This without—and within in that hid life which to all men, high or low, is more than all else on earth, he was blessed. Early loved and early wed, through long years, with all they brought of joy or grief, and the daily strain of illness for the woman who to-day faces life's greatest sorrow, he wore the stainless flower of perfect and undivided love. He died as men both brave and good can—his face turned fearless to the great future in which he saw and knew the divine love which had guided all his days.

The annals of men through all time are the richer for this high record of a stainless life, and his land is left poor by the loss of its first and foremost son. Round the world runs the shadow of eclipsing grief as flags drop and the nations feel a common sorrow which knows bounds as little as his name and fame. All things pass. He with them. But there remains one more memory of a good man grown great, dead at the post of duty, to breathe hope and give strength to all who like him make their land the heart's first desire and know that its first high service is the good life and pure. He joins the triad of martyred Presidents. One slain by rebellion, one by partisan rancor, and one by the baser passions of corroding envy and a hand raised against all law, all rule, and all government.

The spirit of rebellion was buried with Lincoln. The grave of Garfield is the perpetual reminder of the risks of party hate. It will be the duty of those who live, in all posts and places, in all ranks and work, to serve the land he loved and made greater, to see to it that his death is the end of the creed and speech which cost the nation its President. There must be an end in his grave of all the envy, malice, and hatred of the advance, progress, and success of men, which is the seed and root of anarchy, and which daily seeks to set citizen against citizen.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MR. McKINLEY IN HISTORY.

William McKinley's particular distinction in history will be that he was at the head of the Government when the United States, emerging from its condition of exclusiveness and aloofness, entered the comity of world-nations. Other Presidents also have dealt with great domestic problems, like the finances and the tariff, at times when these issues came up in an acute phase. Other Presidents have likewise directed the public affairs of the country through great wars, some foreign and some domestic. Washington, the country's first political chieftain, had been its military commander in the conflict which made it a nation. Madison was at the front at the time when the war of 1812-15 gained for the country the social independence which supplemented the political independence won by Washington. Polk was President through the war of 1846-48, which, by the annexation of New Mexico and California, advanced the country's boundaries on the southwest to the Pacific, and contributed the latest accession of contiguous territory. Lincoln, in the conflict of 1861-65, made the nation, in the words of Chief-Justice Chase, in a decision rendered a few years afterward, an "indestructible union of indestructible States."

It was Mr. McKinley's peculiar honor that he controlled the Government's destinies at the time when the United States, ceasing to be restricted in its concerns to the Western hemisphere, projected itself into the expanding circle of world interests and activities. This ned departure originated with the late President himself, so far as regards its practical operation. At the time when the terms of peace with Spain were being arranged Congress was not in session. During that epochal period the President had an absolutely free hand in the management of the affairs of the Government. He could have made what terms he

liked with Spain without any fear of opposition on the part of Congress. Porto Rico and the Philippines could have been given up, as many prominent newspapers and Congressmen advocated at the time and afterward. All the country except the trans-Mississippi region seemed to be indifferent on those points. The region between the Mississippi and the Pacific, particularly between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, urged from the beginning that the flag in Porto Rico and the Philippines be kept up. Mr. McKinley, who was quicker than any other President since Lincoln to grasp the popular will, and who obeyed it more implicitly than any other executive since the Civil War President, swung the entire country over to the position taken by this section, and inscribed this policy on the world's statutes.

The outside world was earlier than this country in gauging the momentous significance of this broadening of the United States' sphere of activity. Premier Salisbury grasped it when he made his celebrated contrast between growing and dying nations. The late ex-Premier Crispi viewed it as a portent when he attempted to project his vision into the future to the time when the wealthy, expanding, aggressive, and militant United States of America should come in conflict with the stationary, hampered, tradition-fettered, and disunited Europe. The picture which the great Italian statesman drew is not accepted by the American people. They believe that part of the country's mission is to spread the blessings of civilization and democracy throughout the world, and hasten the era of universal peace. This view has already been justified by concrete facts. In the sway which it has just exerted in China there is an indication of the direction in which the influence of the United States is to work in the coming time. Even while seeming to follow Congress on some important questions, the late President in reality usually led. He was a tribune and representative of the American people in one of the momentous crises of their history.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

William McKinley was the creator and the director of the new and greater United States which has just entered the circle of world nations.

Indianapolis Journal.

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

The American people can say the worst has happened, but not altogether the unexpected. From the moment that the shooting of the President was announced, and the location and nature of his really serious wounds were known, there was a general feeling that his recovery was doubtful, and behind all the hopeful bulletins there lurked a fear that the wound or resulting complications would prove fatal. The President's strong constitution, his robust health, and his great will-power were in his favor, but his age, though not great, was rather against him, and there were so many possibilities involved that everybody felt there was a strong probability that he would not recover. This worst presentiment has been verified, and the American people are called to mourn the death of the third of their Presidents slain by the assassin.

There are those who were much nearer to Mr. McKinley than were the people at large, and to whom his death means much more than it does to the most of his countrymen. For these universal sympathy will go out in the largest degree, because they mourn the death of one who was near and dear to them, but the people also will mourn the loss of a great leader and President, whom they were learning more and more to trust and follow. No American statesman has ever grown more steadily or rapidly in public estimation at home and abroad than Mr. McKinley did from his first election as President. When he was called to the Presidential chair there were some even of his political supporters who doubted whether he would measure up to the requirements of the office. These doubts were

soon dispelled. He more than fulfilled the expectations and predictions of those who had the best means of knowing and judging him. During an administration of stress and storm he showed himself easily the master of every situation, and won the admiration of his countrymen by his political tact and that of foreigners by his wise statesmanship. His election for a second term was a splendid popular indorsement of his first administration, and the two together form one of the most brilliant eras in our history. There can be no doubt but the future historian will class William McKinley among the greatest of our Presidents—great in his patriotism, in his leadership, in his devotion to duty, in his singleness of purpose, in his conscientiousness, in his moral courage, in his nearness to and trust in the people, in his loyalty to high ideals, in his simplicity of character, in his personal and domestic virtues—in short, great in all that goes to make a statesman and ruler for a free people to be proud of. This will be McKinley's place in history. The verdict has already been measurably anticipated by the judgment of intelligent foreigners, who, at their distance, are better capable of forecasting the judgment of posterity than are Mr. McKinley's countrymen of to-day. Among them there is no dissenting voice in the opinion that he was one of the greatest Presidents we have had. The London "Globe," usually unfriendly to the United States, says: "He played with signal distinction and entire success the difficult part so suddenly imposed upon him by the new imperial destiny of the United States." Lord Salisbury's private secretary, speaking for the British Premier, said that in Mr. McKinley's death "the whole world will lose a man of greater integrity and statesmanship than it at present realizes." Similar expressions have come from all over the world. In the national mourning this event will cause the American people can feel that they have the sincere sympathy of all civilized peoples, irrespective of the cause of the President's death and "the deep damnation of his taking off."

WILLIAM McKINLEY

Language fails to express the magnitude of the nation's loss by the death of its Chief Magistrate under such circumstances —such a President, at such a time, and by such means! The death of such a man as Mr. McKinley after his retirement from office, and from natural causes, would have been a national loss, as was that of ex-President Harrison, but to have him stricken down by the bullet of an assassin in the fulness of health and the very culmination of his career will intensify the popular grief. President McKinley had grown very steadily in popular estimation since his first election, but if there was any lack of appreciation of his character by his countrymen they need only accept foreign estimates of him. Without exception the statesmen and papers of Europe have pronounced him one of the greatest and most admirable of our Presidents. The paper with the largest circulation of any in Russia said: "He is an example of manliness, uprightness, and noble-mindedness, of which the great Republic is justly proud." Similar tributes to his character were paid all over Europe.

Yet even the death of such a President by the hand of an assassin will not shake the Government nor terrify the American people. It is as true now as when Garfield declared it after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln: "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!" The American people are less excitable and more self-contained and self-controlled now than they were forty or even twenty years ago. They feel that the eyes of the world are on them, and that they must carry themselves in a manner befitting a great government and people. Their horror, indignation, and grief at this shocking crime are too great for expression, and, therefore, they will not try to express them in violent outbreaks or phrases. They will take to heart the lesson taught by the event, and will try to make their Government and institutions more worthy of popular support and loyalty than ever before. But they will not forget the crime, nor the criminal, nor the odious school of thought he represents.

Philadelphia North-American.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

Even as a wave of astonishment accompanied the tide of horror that was spread over the land by the assassin's blow at the life of the President, so there is now a shock of surprise mingled with the grief which bows the American people. The news from the stricken Chief Magistrate's bedside from almost the first had been so steadily encouraging that fear of a fatal result was all but banished. Dread gave place not merely to hope, but to nearly perfect confidence in his recovery. The doctors were unanimous in signing the cheerful reports issued up to midnight on Thursday, and relatives and personal friends, who were kept privately informed of the conditions, exceeded the official bulletins in their assurances to the public that the President would live. The Republic was preparing for a heartfelt thanksgiving such as has not occurred since Lee surrendered at Appomattox. The suddenness of the blow makes it all the harder to bear. Rejoicing has been so swiftly turned into mourning that the revulsion of feeling stuns the nation.

He is gone, and for the people whose freely chosen chief servant he was there remains in this hour only grief, that cannot be given expression with tongue or pen, since language fails in the presence of a tragedy so causeless, so pathetic, so hideous. Blameless in his private life, a man so kindly, so richly endowed with the capacity for inspiring friendship, so filled with goodwill toward others that even his political opponents responded with good-will in their turn—a warm-hearted, cordial, Christian gentleman, William McKinley was without personal enemies, and it seemed unthinkable that even madness itself could wish him harm.

Yet, in the flower of his usefulness, this good man has been cut down by an assassin. The wretch does not plead what is

understood in America as a political motive. The President's policies had critics in plenty, fellow-countrymen of the party in antagonism to his, and not a few in his own party. But the miscreant or maniac who took his life pretends to no sympathy with the views of these critics. Though his victim was the elected Chief Magistrate of a self-governing Republic, limited in his power by the Constitution and the laws, and the supreme antithesis of a hereditary and absolute monarch, the assassin selected him as the representative of despotism. It would be a satisfaction had this creature come to us from some remote and poisonous quarter of darkest Europe, where anarchy is bred by tyranny, but we have to face the strange and humiliating fact that he was born and reared among ourselves, though his mind, whether it be sane or diseased, is as little American in its workings as if he had never wandered beyond the confines of a Russian commune. The assassin is himself as unexpected, as amazing, as his act was horrible and astounding. But such as the wretch is—debased, abnormal, petty, and grotesque—it was in his power to slaughter greatness and wrap a nation in black. For a crime so tremendous human law has no penalty that does not impress with its immeasurable inadequacy.

While his countrymen stand about the bier of the murdered President, sorrow's must be the one voice heard. The President has fallen, but the Republic is unharmed. The tasks left unfinished by William McKinley will be taken up by the hands of him whom the laws, equal to every emergency of state, appoint to fill the place so awfully, so bloodily made vacant. Amid the nation's grief, amid the tears for the man and the Magistrate taken from us by so foul and unnatural a crime, there comes to every American out of the past the voice of another victim of an assassin's bullet, who, when men were turned distraught by Lincoln's death, cried to them:

"God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

Minneapolis Journal.

McKINLEY'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

"We uncommiserate pass into the night
From the loud banquet, and, departing, leave
A tremor in men's memories, faint and sweet
And frail as music."

Time is fleeting; life is moving; the world is for the living, the grave for the dead. But while the humble millions live their lives and die their deaths unknown and but briefly mourned, and many of the great are cursed in death and tearlessly consigned to tombs that have too long awaited them, there are a few of the great, so blessed in life and death that they do not "uncommiserate pass into the night" from the banquet of life and endeavor, leaving behind them only memories "frail as music."

Of these blessed of the Lord was William McKinley, more truly by the grace of God President of the United States than was ever king or emperor of the blood divinely chosen.

Men long remember the righteous great whose lives have gone out tragically and pathetically. The tender memory and the sense of personal loss survive with such men far beyond their generation. What patriot does not, to this day, personally mourn the death of Lincoln—even though the noble war President had been gathered to his fathers before the mourner was yet come out of the mist of time? What tender-hearted boy, as he ponders the life of Garfield, does not feel that in him he lost an unknown friend?

Thus were the fates kind to William McKinley, grievous as his loss is to us, hot as our indignation is at the dastard murderer, when they inscribed his name upon the roll of martyr Presidents, of Presidents who paid in a shorter term of earthly life for the greatness of station and immortality of fame.

But the fame and memory of the late President are founded on his life even more than the manner of his death. The old Arab maxim admonishes man, who cries at birth, so to live that others shall weep at his death. So lived McKinley the man, so acted McKinley the President.

Fortunate in his opportunities, he so availed himself of them that he must be numbered among the great as well as the martyr Presidents.

On the scroll of Presidents who by a happy union of talents and opportunities have won immortal fame by their official acts are:

George Washington, founder of the Republic and inspirer of the great policy of non-interference with the affairs of other nations.

Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, who gave the national impulse toward democracy, and by the bold purchase of Louisiana acquired for the nation a territorial stage worthy of the nascent greatness of its people.

James Monroe, first to establish a positive foreign policy, in the political doctrine that bears his name, and has for eighty years been the palladium of the Republics of Latin America against the territorial greed of Europe.

Abraham Lincoln, emancipator of the slave and unifier of the nation.

William McKinley, father of the new twentieth-century national policy of world-wide power, influence, and beneficence for the great Republic.

These five Presidents are not by any means the only prominent men who have sat in the President's chair. The list does not include Andrew Jackson, U. S. Grant, and others of marked abilities and historic achievements, whose fame rests on what they did elsewhere rather than in the President's chair.

Contemporaneous judgment of a man is apt to be of little value. One such judge will see him as he sees the near-by build-

ing loom larger than the distant one. Another, with the almost universal feeling of men that the golden age of earth was in remote antiquity, will judge him by a standard that assumes that all great men died a long time ago. It is impossible to know that one is asserting the verdict of history in writing of a man whose life and death fill the foreground of the present view. But if we follow the method here chosen and without any attempt to measure the late President by his predecessors, endeavor to ascertain whether his name is linked with a national policy or movement of vast import, and find that it is, then must we believe that William McKinley's name will be written as the fifth of the great Presidents of the first century and a quarter of national life.

Virginian-Pilot, Norfolk, Virginia.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

William McKinley was, in many respects, a typical American. He was a man who rose by the force of what was in him, step by step, to the highest position to which any man may rise in the world as we know it to-day, being chosen thereto twice by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. That, surely, was no mean achievement, and betokened no ordinary man.

William McKinley served as President through one of the most critical stages in our country's history. It was a period of tremendous events, of transition, of broadening views, and of strange conditions and new situations. From the nature of the case he must occupy a large place in history—possibly the largest of any of our Presidents, so far, save Washington and Lincoln, and Grant by reason of his military record.

What history's judgment of McKinley will be it is, of course, impossible to conjecture. It will all depend upon the fruit policies recognized as his shall bear, and concerning which his countrymen—one in sorrow at his death and in fierce indig-

nation at the method of his taking off—are divided, and must for years remain divided according to their wont. No accurate estimate of the man will be possible for fifty years, perhaps, or longer, because only then will the results of his administration in a great crisis become apparent. If those results vindicate his judgment, he will stand as one of the greatest statesmen of his country and his age. If they do not, he will stand as an able administrator, who erred seriously but honestly as a constructive statesman.

McKinley died by the hand of a wretch who was in all essentials an alien. He was sacrificed to an alien madness, the product of conditions against which his country and the institutions of his country, from the settlement at Jamestown to the Exposition at Buffalo, have been a triumphant protest. In his murder and the manner of it there was nothing American, and no stain of it rests upon Americans or American institutions.

It is no empty platitude to say that in his death all differences of party and section are forgotten, and that the sorrow at his death is most sincere and profound. If proof of that were needed, it is to be found in abundance in the pathetic eagerness with which the people of every class have hung about the bulletin-boards during the week of his brave struggle with death. Certainly the highest tribute ever paid William McKinley has come from the lips of " the plain citizen " during this time.

Day by day and year by year, William McKinley had grown upon his countrymen as he served them, and had he died naturally, instead of by cowardly violence, there would have been the most profound sorrow not merely at his death but at the loss to the country of his large knowledge of public affairs, his catholicity of judgment, and enlightened patriotism.

But he died by the hand of an assassin—a miserable, cringing, crack-brained mongrel, not worth the expense of electrocution. Surely this was one of the bitter and inexplicable ironies of life. The shame and the pity of it!

WILLIAM McKINLEY

His bitterest enemy must admit that William McKinley lived blamelessly and died bravely. While there was hope, he fought for his life valiantly, as a lesser man would not have done, and when there was none, he went "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," leaving the burdens he fain would have borne longer to other shoulders. May they prove equal to the task.

And now it is for this country of free and equal citizens to deal with the devilish propaganda that bred the murderer of President McKinley.

The Toledo Blade.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Facing the tragedy which has cast a pall of blackness over the nation, all political differences fall away, and the voice of partisanship is hushed. From all over the Union, men of all conditions join in expressing their abhorrence of the attempted crime, and in fervent hope of the recovery of the Chief Magistrate. Like the lightning-flash in the darkness of midnight, the tragedy of this attempted murder revealed to all the true greatness of the man and the implicit confidence of the American people in his wise statesmanship.

Like Lincoln, William McKinley was struck down at the highest point of his career. Chosen for the second time to the Presidency by a larger majority—greater than any previous President ever received—he again entered upon its duties in the full tide of public favor, with nearly all the grave difficulties and perplexing questions of his first term solved and with every prospect of finding his second administration a period of peace and prosperity to the people.

To his speech at the Buffalo Exposition the nations of the world listened with grave attention. His words did not breathe

of war and conquest, but of the victories of peace which the nation is to win in the near future. He outlined the policies which are to secure these results, and which are the logical outcome of those of the past.

Reciprocity, the development of our merchant marine, the Isthmian canal, and a Pacific cable, he held to be necessary to the future prosperity of the United States, and he set forth their importance in clear and fitting words, whose significance was felt around the globe. The nations listened with admiration, not apprehension, when he declared that our interest is in accord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. His words were his keynote for future action.

The Galveston News.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

The head of the nation is dead, not in the course of the workings of the laws of Nature, but by the cruel hand of murder. He went to his death not because of antagonism of him who slew him toward him, but because he was the highest representative of a free and prosperous people. He represented the Government, and it was the Government that the blow was aimed at. Hence the sorrow over his death is made great not only because of the noble character of the man thus untimely taken off, but also by that patriotism which feels that the blow was at the country. Mr. McKinley will live in history as the beloved among his people. His name will be written without an expression of excuse or explanation following it. He lived in a memorable epoch—lived when the Republic may be said to have merged from youth into full and strong manhood. For within his terms truly a revolution has come about. The Spanish war —the marvellous material progress which has marked the life of the Republic within the last five years, were the years of his

position in the highest of its equity. It was fortunate that he was cautious rather than bold; that he felt his way instead of rushing forward; that he had the faculty of inducing rather than driving; that he was conservative and matter of fact rather than radical and sensational. For that revolution, greater than even we can properly appreciate, could have not been brought to its present point without a jar to the fabric but in men other than he was. Mr. McKinley may not have been great as men are counted great. He was not the Moltke or Grant or Lee in military science; nor Talleyrand or Bismarck or Seward in diplomacy. He was a plain, every-day gentleman of the highest intelligence, and a genius in nothing. He was never so weak as to excite anything but respect from those who disagreed with him, and he was never so great as to excite hate from individuals or fear from his country. He was a good neighbor President—a home President, a political President, and a lover of his country, who has contributed as much to its greatness as any of his predecessors who have gone before. And there is not upon all the land, north, south, east, or west, a man in whose heart a love of country abides, or in whose breast an admiration for a good citizen exists, who will not drop a tear over his grave and say he was an American—a citizen, and both of that type which will make the nation's name glorious and its citizenship the grandest the world has seen.

The Oregonian, Portland, Ore.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

For the third time in little more than a generation the American people sit in grief in the presence of a murdered President. In that solemn hour when the head of the great family of the State lies low in death, passions die out, resentment fades away, criticism is paralyzed, and the universal voice is one of sorrow. The blow struck at the faithful husband has fallen

upon every home, the outrage offered the Executive strikes at every member of the body politic. In the week of waiting since the first shock of the tragedy, the paroxysm of anger against his assailant has given place to fond solicitude for the sufferer, made more tender by the suspense of the intervening time, its misgivings and rejoicing, hopes and fears. Instead of the cry for vengeance, the prayer of the nation is only for a sacred silence in which to bury its dead, then a day to mete out justice only, and turn again to the burden of the busy years.

Circumstances and his own fidelity have combined to lift the dead man's domestic life high in attention. All that is best and loveliest in the American home has had in him its finest type and flower. Home-loving and home-tending were bred in him through his Scotch Covenanter ancestry, one German and one English grandfather, perhaps made warmer by the stay in Northern Ireland, where one of his family went to death at Royalist hands in the stormy days of 1798. Strong and homely stock gave us both Lincoln and McKinley. Nancy Hanks bore us the one and Nancy Allison the other. The President's wife has been an invalid for years, and his devotion to her is the commonest of stories. It was on Christmas Day, 1871, that their first child was born, a girl that lived only to the age of three, and another daughter also died in infancy. No act of William McKinley has ever dishonored those little graves in the Canton Cemetery or cast a shadow over the gentle life now strangely called to survive him. Long herself the object of fond solicitude, and only a few weeks ago an anxious care at San Francisco, it has been her lot to turn from sufferer into watcher, and now to mourn the husband who, she had every right to expect, would himself sit by her own last bed and close her dying eyes. This domestic story, raised by chance into full view of the world, is an object-lesson to the courts of the Old World and an inspiring pattern for the New. Its significance lies not so much in its prominence as in the fact of its typical character.

For there are many such. Profligates are few at the head of American homes.

But the tragedy has its wider national and universal bearing. A career has been spoiled, whose end none could foresee. From the gallant soldier-boy, assiduous Congressman, popular Governor, he came up to be an amiable and uniformly admired President. Like Lincoln, he was at the helm of State through a great and momentous epoch of our history, and, like Lincoln, a wicked crime took him off just when the fury of battle was to be transformed and guided into the channels of constructive statesmanship. Lincoln passed through one administration of storm and entered another, whose task was to be the readjustment of the nation to new conditions, but upon whose threshold he passed away, leaving the work to untried and unfamiliar hands. Just so it is with McKinley. The catastrophe of 1865 to 1868 no one could foresee. Nor can we foresee to-day the way ahead. We have reason to hope for far better things; but hope is all.

How impotent is man to fulfil his fondest dreams and bring to realization his proudest ambitions! Death marks the highest for his prize as unerringly as the humblest. Rich and poor, high and low, we all come into the world by the same gate of pain and leave by the same pale ferryman for the unknown shore. Buffalo sits distressed in the darkened shadows of her late magnificence, and the best surgeons in the land are buried in the ruins of their own hopes. The man who consented against his will to be buried for four years in the Vice-Presidency finds himself thrust in an hour into the most honored place within the gift of man. The policies that have been years in formation, and that vitally concern the welfare of all civilization, are put in peril of miscarriage or overthrow. Powerful cliques that have ruled political affairs in every State see the ground slipping from under them, and a widely different school of statesmanship coming into power. None of these portentous developments

could have been foreseen; none, it appears, could have been prevented. The world has changed this morning over-night, and to-morrow's scroll is as mysterious and unsuspected as these two fateful Fridays were a week ago, when the Presidential party set out gleefully on its last journey from the White House.

Above the solace that comes from the unsullied home and the blameless life is the greater consolation that our peace and order, manners and institutions, will survive the shock as steadily as the liner rides the summer sea. No wheel in all the complicated machinery that governs eighty million people will pause in its revolution. Upon the ship of state no sail will start, no mast quiver, no seaman tremble at his post. Among the commanders there will be no irresolution or delay, among the lowest servants there will be neither question nor cavil. It is the supreme and glorious test of our English-American civilization that while men, however great or apparently necessary, may come and go, the Constitution and the laws continue undisturbed, the people, as the source and efficacy of power, are constant to their heritage of law and order, and faithful to their obligation of civic duty. The Government remains, the flag is there, the host moves forward with unbroken step.

The Springfield Union, Springfield, Mass.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, is the thought that rises from millions of swelling hearts this morning, of him who lies in death's embrace in Buffalo. Brave, loyal, Christian gentleman he lived, bravely he passed into the valley of the shadow, more than conqueror through Him in whose name he wrought.

William McKinley the man, even more than William McKinley the President, has occupied the minds and hearts of

men since the assassin's bullet struck him down a week ago. In the deadly strife of civil war his fellows knew him for a man of courage and a patriot, ready and willing to lay down his life in his country's service; in positions of trust, and finally the highest post his nation could give, they found in him a Congressman, a Governor, and a President of the truest, wisest, and noblest statesmanship; in his last suffering and death they recognize in him one who measured up to the full stature of a man, one of earth's genuine noblemen, whose career is an inspiration and example for his countrymen to emulate.

McKinley has again exemplified the old-fashioned but ever-new truths of the fathers that have distinguished this nation for a people ruled of God. Through all the long and varied experiences of a life spent among the scenes of war and bloodshed, and in the councils of politicians, where temptation and corruption stalk at men's heels, he has preserved the simple faith of his fathers and has lived a clean life in the sight of God and man. His course in these latter days, when guile and treachery abound, has once more justified the ways of God to men and proved to them that scoff the beauty and far-reaching influence of virtue.

It is this side of the man's personality that places him in the affection of his countrymen alongside those greater of his predecessors, Washington and Lincoln, who, if they led the American nation in times more crucial, did not surpass our latest Chief Executive in the accomplishment of the duty that lay before them.

History will judge of William McKinley when the generation that saw him will have passed away, but even now his services to his country for forty busy years, closing with his leadership through the most difficult period since Lincoln died, are recognized by his grateful fellow-citizens as the greatest that any man can give.

Americans are proud to point to McKinley as the representa-

tive American of these days. It is probable that he is the last President of the generation that fought the Civil War, and he links that time with the new and greater development upon which his people have entered. Like Lincoln, he did not live to see the full fruits of the policy he marked out.

He leaves to able and patriotic hands to fulfil the task he so well began, and his memory will enlighten the path of his successor, who has taken instruction from that ripeness of wisdom and patience of spirit.

Buffalo Courier.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S DEATH.

Our President is dead.

"The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken."

"The spirit has returned unto God who gave it."

As lightning out of a clear sky came the stroke of one week ago yesterday. Hardly less heavy upon the public heart was the blow contained in the news of his relapse, for as the days had passed by hope had grown strong that Mr. McKinley would live, would recover. But he sleeps the final sleep, and the whole world weeps, for "he was a good man, and a just."

In this solemn hour of a great nation's sorrow, let us speak only of its loss. Later will be time to consider the consequences, to think further of the insensate wretch whose murderous shot, directed at an invulnerable Government, could but strike down the man who was the chosen of eighty millions as their chief, causing him, all innocent, mortal injury and pain. It is so pitiful, so completely causeless, that even angels may shed tears for such a sacrifice.

William McKinley has been the third President of the United States to fall by the hands of an assassin. The great Lincoln was killed by a crazed enthusiast for a defeated cause.

Garfield was the victim of a dissatisfied, egotistical fool, whose responsibility must always be doubted. But Mr. McKinley was deliberately, diabolically, given his death-wound, simply because he represented organized society, and notwithstanding that, of all the Presidents of the freest country on the earth, he was of its people the best beloved. No other had come so closely to the hearts of so many of them. Against the immortal Lincoln a section of the country was arrayed. Not until years after he had been laid in the grave was there true, unanimous appreciation of his exalted worth. Even Washington had many bitter personal enemies. McKinley had few; you might count them on the fingers of a hand, and dismiss them as inconsequential, however widely a great minority of his countrymen may have differed from his views on various public questions. It was as the gracious, pure-minded citizen, that the people loved him; as the merciful man who shrank from administering chastisement even where mercy was undeserved; as the representative and embodiment of all that is admirable and lovable in American domestic life. Providence willed that as President he should direct a successful war, but it was a war of humanity, waged on just principle. He abhorred its necessity, and was grateful to his Maker for its cessation, for he was essentially a man of peace, with high ideals, who from his soul desired the welfare of mankind. Whether his official course was altogether for the best, may be left to history to show. The excellence of his intention throughout his administration probably no living person doubts.

Apparently favored singularly by destiny, which raised him from comparative obscurity to the most lofty station, it seemed that the happiest period of his life had been attained when last week he came, by earnest invitation, which accorded well with his own wish, to view the Pan-American Exposition and meet the patriotic throngs who were eager to greet him. And it was at the Exposition that he was stricken, in as beautiful a setting as the earth has seen for a tragedy of the centuries. While all

America mourns, for Buffalo the cup has an added bitterness, although she is most innocent, for here the President was wounded to death, literally in the house of his friends.

The President is dead, but the fell purpose of his murderer utterly fails, for constitutional government will go on without interruption, and law will continue supreme. Theodore Roosevelt becomes the twenty-fifth President of the United States. In the darkness and the silence of the present we seek not to look into the future. We only think to mourn our illustrious dead, and to recall his virtues, saying, as he would say for the land he loved so well, long live the Republic!

Times-Star, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

"It is God's way. His will be done."

In these, the dying words of the martyred President, the nation to-day alone can find solace and comfort.

William McKinley died as he had lived, a Christian gentleman. He faced death fearlessly and courageously, and in dying gave, not only to the sorrowing wife, but to the bereaved nation, the divine words which cheer and comfort them in this, their hour of grief and despair.

William McKinley was a many-sided man, but from whatever side we study him, he appears to advantage.

Is it as the youth? We find him battling for his country's preservation.

Is it as the man of middle age? We find him serving his country in the halls of Congress, outlining policies which have only the well-being of his country and his countrymen as their foundation.

Is it as the man of mature age? We find him called by the

people to rescue them from the gloom of industrial depression, to lead them through a victorious war, and to bring the blessing of American liberty to millions of people who had known naught but centuries of oppression.

Is it as the statesman? We find him assuring for the United States a prominent place in the proceedings of the first Peace Congress, and outlining policies which kept the blush of shame from the cheeks of his fellow-countrymen by our conduct in China, and which served as a deterrent example to the other powers.

Is it as a Christian? His sublime faith in Him who died to save mankind, his fortitude in his final hour were but the evidences of a life without a flaw, a life as clear and pure as the bubbling spring.

Is it as the husband? The whole world knows the devotion which he lavished upon an invalid wife, whom even with his dying breath he sought to uphold and sustain by divine inspiration.

William McKinley's ideals were those that become such a man. They were of the highest, the noblest, and the most patriotic—the uplifting of his people, the uplifting of his nation.

He knew the inequalities of the world; the suffering and the misery of human life; the squalor and the wretchedness of the poor. But he did not inveigh against them; he did not preach discontent; he did not seek to change in a day conditions which have been the growth of hundreds of centuries. On the contrary, he applied himself resolutely to the task of bettering them as far as lay within the power of one man; of improving conditions by practical measures and policies as far as was possible during the short span of life of one man; of instituting policies which would advance the people and the nation even but the slightest, believing that a gain, no matter how slight, was one that would count for future generations. He was an evolutionist; not a revolutionist. He sought improvement; not

regeneration. He devoted his life to the people and their advancement; he offered up his life on the altar of his country.

That a man who had such a love for his people should trust them was to be expected. William McKinley's trust in the people was implicit. He made no parade of it; he sought no political advantage from it; he never posed as a friend of the people; but as the years passed the people came to recognize in him their friend, their champion, and to love as well as to honor and respect him.

If William McKinley had a fault in this life, it was his confidence in the people, a confidence that cost him his life. He was never so happy as when mingling with the people. To meet his countrymen and grasp them cordially by the hand was his highest pleasure. The presence of officers on public occasions was always distasteful to him; they were forced upon him by more cautious minds against his protest. He believed he had nothing to fear from the people; that in their hands he was more safe than if surrounded by guards and spies.

William McKinley was our first Congressional President. He looked upon that body as the representatives of the people, and was ever ready to yield to the body which came direct from the people and which was responsible to them. Much of the criticism which befel him as Chief Magistrate came from this fact—a fact, however, which redounds to his glory and his greatness when the causes which inspired it are carefully considered. Mr. McKinley had served for many years in the House of Representatives; he had witnessed the frequent clashes between the executive and the legislative branches of our Government; they had sorrowed and grieved him. He came to the executive chair imbued with the idea that the establishment of three co-ordinate branches of the Government by the forefathers had not been intended to necessarily create a rivalry and a friction, and he devoted his best years and his greatest endeavor to obliterating this rivalry and friction. Under such conditions, a weak man

would have been a puppet in the hands of Congress, a weak man would have proven a failure. William McKinley was not a weak man, but a strong man. He understood clearly the limitations of the rights and powers of the Executive; he appreciated thoroughly the rights and powers of Congress. He did not allow the usurpation of the powers of the executive branch, nor did he attempt the usurpation of the powers of the legislative branch. He lived up to the best interpretation of the organic law of the country, and established a harmony between the two conflicting branches of the Government never known in the nation's history.

Those who have been most intimate with the President have long been aware of his one personal ambition. He yearned to have his administration known as the era of good feeling; he labored unceasingly to wipe out sectional feeling and to remove all that might remain as a result of internecine strife. He recognized that as the era of prosperity the policies of the party of which he was the representative had had a share. He sought to create an era with which he would be more personally identified, to realize a dream which the prophetic Washington had dreamt—to unite the country in the steel bands of friendship, to wipe out the rancorousness and the bitterness of issues which were passed, and to proudly declare that "We now know no North, no South, no East, no West, but are all for a common country."

A united nation weeps at his bier, in the tears that are shed by a sorrowing people comes the fulfilment of the life-purpose of a Christian, a statesman, and, above all, a gentleman. In the universal grief we are drawn closer together than ever before, in the commingling of tears we are moved by a common impulse, in which shall be washed away the bitterness of the past. Perhaps his death was the sacrifice demanded to complete this cementing of the people to which President McKinley devoted his best thought and energy.

The News and Courier, Charleston, S. C.

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

The nation is in tears. At the moment when it believed that its prayers had been heard—when the tidings that came from Buffalo were big with hope and comfort—rejoicing was changed into sorrow with the ominous announcement that the President's condition was once more critical and that the worst was feared. The smile that had come back to the lips of listening millions vanished in an instant. The nerves that had regained something of their wonted steadiness, plunged and knotted again with intense anxiety. Throughout yesterday the people held their breath and watched and waited, hoping against hope that the clean, rational life which the wounded man had lived would avail much against the ravages of the Great Destroyer. But prayer and science and a people's love were alike impotent. President William McKinley, having fought in the hour of his last extremity with the gallantry, the steadfastness, the uncomplaining, unquailing courage which marked and illumined his progress through life, surrendered to the inscrutable will of the Ruler of life and death. With sublime fortitude he bore the supreme demand that was made upon him. With a resignation which never faltered, he went out into the shadows glorified by the light of Christian faith.

It is surely a grievous dispensation which has come upon him and upon the people, who loved and honored him. Having fairly won his way up to the pinnacle of human ambition—with the proof of his worth and well-doing vibrant in the acclamations which heralded and followed him to the uttermost parts of the land he served—he was struck down by fanaticism, criminally bigoted, viciously selfish, unspeakably dastardly, and depraved. In a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, the pillars of the temple he had builded were cast down. The shouting of the

people was hushed. The nation gasped in horror, and fell to its knees in humble supplication. It is of no avail that it shall rise again, with heart aflame and throat athirst for vengeance—that the voices rising to Heaven in demand that blood shall be repaid by blood will be as the roar of an angry ocean. It is a President and a Nature's monarch for an anarchist and a human pigmy! The evil that has been done cannot be undone. Tears may not be quenched with blood. Were Czolgocz torn limb from limb it would not lessen by one jot or tittle the pitiful majesty of him above whose bier a nation bows to-day in benediction.

This is not the time to review his life or his work. To-day he should be, and he will be, naught else than a martyr. The love which his fellow-countrymen bore him while he lived will wax strong and all-conquering now that he is dead. To history belongs the prerogative of a critical analysis of his character and his public conduct; the present is entitled to no more than the tribute which honest men pay to the virtues, the courage, the manhood, the upright living which are reckoned the best and noblest achievements of human endeavor.

And to the pity which wells up in every heart for the dead President and the profound sense of grief with which the nation regards its own bereavement there will be added another thought—a thought of the broken-hearted woman into whose presence even sympathy may not go, save it be uncovered and having put its shoes from off its feet. The frail body that has borne many burdens must take up another, beside which the others are as nothing. And she must bear it alone, for all that millions of men and women would so willingly sustain and comfort her. There is not a heart in the whole land that does not go out to her with unspeakable tenderness.

President McKinley is dead. A kindly Christian gentleman, a pure-living citizen, an able statesman, a patriotic ruler has given up his life in the discharge of the duties to which his

fellow-countrymen called him. His life honors American manhood. His character and achievements will live as inspirations to those who survive, and to those who will follow him and them. If any consolation whatever is to be found in so great a tragedy, it springs from the consciousness that nations, no less than men, may not attain their highest development save through adversity and misfortunes nobly borne and bravely overcome.

Journal, Providence, R. I.

President McKinley has died for his country. It was at the office, not at the man alone, that a despicable dastard aimed his revolver, and freedom shrieked when the President fell. The great heart of a great nation is bowed in grief. In its personal, political, and domestic phases, the President's death is unutterably, inexpressibly sorrowful. It comes with greater force because some of the most eminent surgeons in the land thought only twenty-four hours before that all the chances of recovery were in his favor. When the startling announcement came that there was no hope, the evening shadows fell over a heart-broken people, mighty in all that makes a nation great, but powerless to help the suffering and beloved President.

The account of the President's last hours will bring tears to the eyes of strong men. Death is always tragic, but the killing of the President of the United States by a sneaking villain, although it is the last of a trio of distressingly similar crimes, is a shock that makes patriots thoughtful. Happily, it draws them more closely together, and in fervent, prayerful reverence they are grateful because in the face of such a calamity they know that "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." We seem so helpless in such a crisis that we can only look up at the sky and wonder what power it is that works out such deeds for our good. If the prayers of his countrymen could

have saved him, if the sympathy of those who have admired his fortitude could have relieved his pain, he would not have passed away. The American citizen who has not been moved to abhorrence of "the deep damnation of his taking off" and to indescribable emotions by the tragic sufferings of his last hours, is lacking either in loyalty to his country or in those tenderer sentiments that whole-souled men are the first to feel but the last to proclaim.

Rhode Island shares in the common affliction. No home, no factory, no shop is free to-day from a sense of sorrow and of loss. Everywhere that men rub elbows they have but one topic of conversation. They need indulge in no fulsome eulogies; they need not waste words in idle panegyrics; but they are not worthy of the name of "American" if their blood does not boil at the assassin's mad brutality and if there is not solemn grief in their hearts at the national loss. Their feelings are in harmony with the tolling bells.

Chicago Tribune.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

After a week of constantly increasing hope, of bulletins which day by day have reported improvement, the President has passed away. The change at the last came suddenly, and when there was apparently nothing in the patient's condition to arouse extraordinary apprehensions. The rejoicing of the people is turned to lamenting, and in place of thanksgiving there will be grief throughout the land. The bullet of the assassin at last has done its deadly work.

President McKinley is dead and the nation mourns. It mourns as one which has suffered a great loss, but a loss which is not irreparable. His work has been, to a great extent, accomplished. Of the problems which confronted him when he was

elected, or which have arisen since his election, nearly all have been happily solved by him.

The war with Spain has been conducted to a successful conclusion. The country is at peace with all mankind. It is tranquil and prosperous. There are no threatening clouds visible on the political or business horizon.

If the President thought of himself at all in his last moments he could have taken comfort in the reflection that he had well-nigh fulfilled his mission—that he had done for the people all and more than they had expected of him, and had won for himself fame that time cannot obliterate. So far as one can read the future there was little of great moment left for him to do for his country during the next three years except to carry out that policy of the extension of its commercial relations outlined by him in his last public address.

The work which President McKinley left undone others can take up and carry forward, following the paths marked out by him. Though he has gone, the cause of commercial expansion and of the trade supremacy of America surely will find other champions as sagacious and as persistent as he and who, like him, will be willing to sacrifice selfish and personal considerations to promote the welfare of the Republic.

President McKinley has gone to a grave from which "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" could not save him. Theodore Roosevelt is President now. This change in rulers is sudden, but the people will feel that their interests and those of their government will be safe in the hands of the man who has been lifted up from the second to the first place.

They have no reason to fear any permanent shock of business or political relations. The new President is not likely to pursue an aggressive policy calculated to embroil the United States with other nations. Probably he will be as calm, judicious, and conservative as President McKinley has been. Responsibility engenders sobriety of speech and action. Pre-

sumably the trusted advisers of the dead President will be the trusted advisers of President Roosevelt, and the new order of things will be a continuation of the old order.

The legacy of President McKinley to his successor is a united country and a united party, an expanded and a prosperous Republic, and governmental policies on which the people have set the seal of their approval. This is a legacy which President Roosevelt surely will use with discretion and wisdom.

Kansas City Journal.

THE NATION'S SORROW.

The sad tragedy has ended. The life of the patient sufferer has gone out. The nation has lost one of the most kindly and lovable citizens, and one of the purest and best statesmen it ever had. His nature was as gentle and sympathetic as his mental powers were strong and vigorous. He was of, from, and for the people; his ear was ever bent to listen to their wishes, and their welfare was his chief care and constant concern. No other President of the American nation ever succeeded in winning the esteem and affection of the whole people, while living, in the degree that he has done. Every worthy citizen to-day is conscious of a feeling of personal bereavement. Not only has the country been deprived of a great and good President, but every city, every hamlet, every household feels that it has lost a noble friend. It is inexpressibly sad that one so useful and so dear to the nation should be cut off in the prime of manhood, before the completion of his great life's work, and by the foul hand of an assassin; but fate is inexorable, and those who remain behind can only bow in submission and hope that the faith in a blessed hereafter which he cherished so long and so devoutly may be abundantly realized.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

The administration of President McKinley was one of the most trying and most successful the nation has ever known. Elected for the specific purpose of guiding the country out of depression into prosperity, he not only accomplished this great work with amazing thoroughness, but managed a foreign war and solved its important problems besides. His statesmanship won the profound admiration of the civilized world. Under his administration the prestige and influence of the American Republic rose to an eminence never before approximated. Death came to him while at the very zenith of his fame and popularity. He would have passed into history as one of the truly great men of earth without the assassin's aid, but now he is also a martyr, and the present and future generations of his countrymen will revere his memory as one of their sacred possessions. Universal sympathy will go out especially to the invalid wife, upon whom the blow will fall with greatest force, for he was her all. Millions of prayers will go up that her life may not also be included in the sacrifice that has cast so deep a shadow over the land.

The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

The country was prepared yesterday for the blow that fell at an early hour this morning. The bulletins from Buffalo all too truly told of the calamity that was rapidly approaching. Higher or warmer hopes of a people were never dashed to earth. And yet we should be thankful for the week that has elapsed since the assassin's pistol was fired. In that time, while we have been buoyed up by the fair promises of the President's recovery, we yet, in pondering the deed that disabled him and put him in such peril, have come into a feeling that helps us to bear the great loss now that it has come. It is not as it would have been had he perished upon the instant, without a thought of danger

himself and with the country in a holiday mood of happiness and good cheer.

An eminent, a beautiful, and a most useful life has come to a close. In the character of William McKinley were mingled all the qualities that make for righteousness and justice. He loved his fellow-men. He strove to do good. His ambition was of the highest order. His patriotism was unbounded. And so, full of love, full of energy, full of high capacity, full of pride of nationality, he rose by gradual well-timed steps from the ranks of the sturdy plain people to the place of head of the State. In every office he acquitted himself with distinction. As a young soldier he was promoted for gallantry in action. As a legislator his name was linked with measures of world-wide influence. As Governor of his native commonwealth he gave to the people a clean and wholesome administration of their affairs, and as Chief Magistrate of the United States—a post of the greatest difficulty and responsibility—he has laid the country under such a debt as insures him a place among the greatest men who have ever served it.

We naturally turn in this hour, however, from the magistrate, great as he was in that capacity, to the man. He was correct of life, and true to every high personal obligation. His heart was always in his home. His constant thought was of those to whom his first duty was due. The most exacting of his public duties—and they were many—never caused him to forget or neglect the tender ties of the hearthstone. If every man, indeed, were as thoughtful of those committed to his care and watchfulness, and as gifted with the sense of generous bestowal, it is not too much to say that this world would be something of a paradise. He gave not only to his countrymen, but to all men, a most inspiring and uplifting example of what the son, the husband, the friend, the citizen should be; and in exhibiting his graces of character in the house of all the people—the White House—he set his light upon a hill, and rendered in that way a

service as valuable as any that pertained to the public policies of the Government.

The President's last days were among his very best. He was in perfect health when stricken, and filling an engagement which appealed strongly to his pride and his principles. His last speech was in advocacy of a greater America, and full of sound suggestions as to policies for national growth and happiness. It will live, and will influence our future. A final message, delivered thus by such a man in the very shadow of the tomb, cannot but have an abiding place in our memories. Composed and forgiving in the presence of his assassin, serene and resigned in the hour of death, he has departed, with the affections and amidst the lamentations of all his countrymen, and with the respect and profound regret of all the world.

The Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Col.

"GOD'S WILL, NOT OURS, BE DONE."

The crack of the anarchist's pistol in the great music-hall of the Exposition hardly created more consternation than did the news of the President's dying condition yesterday morning. The night before the country retired to rest confident in the early recovery of Mr. McKinley. The great surgeons and physicians had departed for their distant homes after giving to the world assurances of their illustrious patient's welfare. Vice-President Roosevelt, the members of the Cabinet and statesmen close to the President's heart, had bidden adieus to one another with smiling faces, expecting not to meet again until in the presence of their prostrate chief they convened in Washington to carry on the public business. All of this the country learned on Thursday evening, and it slumbered until morning soothed with the last lullabies from the sick-chamber in Buffalo. But what an awakening! The morning papers banished hope. The

failing heart, the fleeing strength, the weariness of death, the fruitless labors of the great physicians to counteract the fatal symptoms told the country that human help could not avail, and only the miracles which the Nazarene performed 2,000 years ago could avail to hold the soul of the great beloved in its earthly tenement.

Last night the mighty tragedy ended. The President is dead. To-day this nation, and all Christian and heathen nations, mourn at the bier, for the world knows that he who is dead in life had been an exalted, an upright, and a compassionate man.

A LESSON TO MANKIND.

This generation has not witnessed more affecting or more impressive scenes than those at the bedside of dying President McKinley last night. Indeed, to parallel them we must turn to the death-beds of those great and good men whose lives were beacon-lights to illumine the path of humanity and who passed into the unknown with the smile of peace on their lips and their hearts serene with calm hope in the mercy of an all-merciful Creator. No Christian virgin seeking the martyr's crown in Rome's enpurpled amphitheatre faced death with courage more superb than William McKinley displayed while he looked upon the countenance of the dread angel. The poor clay, struggling to retain the vital spark, was as though it existed not. There remained only the majesty of an immortal human soul warm with compassion for those who wept, imperial in its preparedness for flight to that bourn whence none return, yet like to a little child in its resignation to the will of the Supreme Being whose it is to give and to take away.

The watchers by the bedside heard the President striving to repeat the words of that hymn of aspiration, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which has soothed and comforted unnumbered millions. As his poor wife, herself lately called back from the very verge of the grave, clasped his hand in mute grief, a benign

smile lighted his face, and he whispered, "Not our will, but God's, be done."

Literature and art have preserved the record of no nobler scene.

When we reflect that this man was neither ascetic nor priest, that his life was passed in the fierce struggles of partisanship, and that he had gained the highest prize to be wrested from politics, we can only wonder that he preserved his inner self so sacredly a pure and holy thing apart from the conflicts which raged about him.

Mild and impassionate at all times, yet he lacked not fire and daring, as was shown by his record in the Civil War.

Personally the essence of integrity, yet it was fortune's gift to him to sail placidly on a stormy sea, which boiled and surged with the struggles of strong, scheming, unscrupulous, and daring men.

It is too early to write of McKinley the political chieftain, nor have we the wish to do so, but as we stand by the bier of McKinley the man we well may sorrow that a nature so sweet and winning, a manner and bearing and habit of thought so courteous and kindly, and a soul so clean and upright, have been stricken by the hideous crime of an assassin.

Topeka Daily Capital.

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

On the morning of April 15, 1865, at the moment when the spirit of the great martyr President took its flight, Secretary Stanton, turning to those about him, said, while the tears streamed down his face:

"Now he belongs to the ages."

So we say of our beloved President, whose lifelong service to his country ended last night as Lincoln's ended: "He belongs to the ages."

WILLIAM McKINLEY

The nation mourns this morning not only the loss of one of the greatest of its Presidents, but one of its purest, noblest citizens. No man excepting Washington and Lincoln in our history was, during his public life, so close to the heart of the people. Not attempting to guide or control events, but not shrinking from the severest tasks and most exacting responsibilities, meeting every emergency with a resolute will and a calm sagacity and wisdom which marked him as one of the great statesmen of the century, President McKinley held a steady hand upon the helm and kept the old ship straight in its course.

And what a voyage it has made in these five historic years! For the marvellous advance the nation has made since 1896, both in its domestic prosperity and in its prestige among the powers of the world, history will award the credit to the wise and sagacious President, the modest but self-reliant and far-seeing statesman whose administration has witnessed these triumphs.

Serious as the loss to the nation is felt to be in President McKinley's death, it is not this which afflicts every heart with a sense of personal bereavement. The President was beloved in every home in the Republic. His modesty, his benevolence and kindliness, his gracious and courtly bearing, which made no distinction between the humblest citizen and the ambassador of a foreign state, his touching devotion to his wife, his unaffected American simplicity of life and character, gave to President McKinley a place in the hearts of the people which it is given few even of the most trusted and distinguished to win.

The death of the President in the height of his great fame and usefulness is a sore bereavement to the country; it is a deep sorrow and grief to all Americans, and it is an awful and a hideous crime before God and man.

God grant that this third deadly blow upon our country from the blighting hand of anarchy may be the last, and that the nation may cleanse its soil of this polluting brood forever.

The Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

Death closes the scene at last. Not even modern surgery and the prayers of a united people could save the head of the nation from the grievous wounds of a cowardly, sneaking assassin. A third martyr President is added to the list, and the heart of the nation is bowed down with grief.

It is much too early to define William McKinley's place in the list of Presidents, or to estimate his power in the conduct of public affairs, but it is not too early to say that no one among Republican Presidents and leaders equalled, or even approached, him in friendliness toward the South. He stood quite apart from his associates in that respect.

Even before his nomination in 1896, he advocated national unity, urging all to work for the complete reconciliation of the two sections; and when the war with Spain came on he treated the South with the utmost consideration, selecting from the grizzled wearers of the gray several of his general officers. He insisted upon justice to the South, and the result was the two sections were drawn together and unified as they had not before been in over fifty years, for the estrangement antedated the Civil War.

Many will recall his speeches when he came into this State about three years ago, in which he urged that Congress should care for the Confederate cemeteries just as it does for the Federal resting-places of the brave. His suggestion was not fully carried into effect, but his untimely death may be followed by its full adoption. It would be a noble memorial to a good, broad-minded man—a man of rare equipoise and moderation and justice.

He always had faith in Southern industrial resources, and his advocacy of an Isthmian canal in the last speech he made in

this world shows that, if he had lived, he would have striven to benefit this section of the country. The South had good reason to love him, and it will indeed be many a day before a Republican so just will be called to preside over the destinies of the country. The wearers of the gray and the wearers of the blue have united in the sad week just ended in words of praise for the man who entered the Civil War as a private soldier, coming out of it a major, and to-day, in the presence of death, the South mourns deeply, and affectionately even, the loss that has come to a people united in truth and in reality. He did more to unify the country than all of his party had done before him, and whenever he visited the South he was made to feel in numerous manifestations the gratitude of Southern hearts.

New York Herald.

THE MAN AND HIS FAITH.

Death is always impressive. It is one of the experiences through which we pass, either with the grim fortitude of an unyielding will, if our outlook into the future is cloudy or misty, or, if we have faith, then with the trembling assurance of one who traverses the dark with a lantern to guide his way.

There is an infinite difference in the mental attitude of one whose earthly day is spent and who faces the impenetrable shadows of an eternal night and one who knows that there is a to-morrow hidden behind to-day, and that the sun which gilds the west with pleasant memories will soon gild the east with the radiant beauty of a higher life.

The heart that clings to immortality has an element of strength which is otherwise unknown. I have seen death many a time as it stole with slippered feet into a tearful household, and have watched the varying emotions with which the sufferer met the inevitable. I am free to confess that some who have

said their last farewells, but have had no hope of a continued existence, have bravely stood the shock of fate and taken the step into the dark without a tremor of fear. In that supreme moment they have been even glad to be relieved of physical pain and to enter on the rest which is equivalent to oblivion. But I have also seen something as much grander than this as the grandeur of a symphony built by a master brain is greater than that of the cradle song with which the nurse sings the child to sleep. The eyes have seen what comes within range of mortal vision only in that hour when heaven discloses itself to those who are about to enter therein. At eventide there was light, and that light filled the last moments with the crimsoned beauty of a sunset cloud. Farewells were mellowed by the certainty of a reunion which would come in good time, and the tired traveller whispered of hand-claps in a better land. The couch of the sufferer seemed surrounded by "invisible beings who walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," and religious faith, ripening into resignation, parted the lips to say, as Mr. McKinley said, "It is God's way; His way is best." Then I have talked in serious strain to my own soul, and have declared that this simple trust, which can make us buoyant when the tears of our loved ones are falling like a sudden shower, is the most practical thing known to man, and is worth more than all else that earth can offer.

To so live that to die is gain, and to be conscious that it is a gain; to be glad of the exchange of an earthly for a spiritual body, and to fall asleep in the certainty of waking in a higher and a nobler life is to grasp the consummation so devoutly to be wished, and to reach the ideal which God places within reach of honesty, truth, and fidelity.

The President—the mortal part of him—lies in the shadow of death. We mourn him because he was the friend of the Republic, because his public policy was based on the best welfare of the people as he understood it. We revere his memory be-

cause in both his private and his official life he was the sturdy defender of the right, a man with a conscience. It is no flattery to say in this hour of our national bereavement that a sense of personal loss increases our sorrow, but as we think of him on this Sunday morning it is not in connection with the office he filled so much as in connection with the courageous manliness of the man. Simple-minded, quiet in heart, he was at first hopeful of recovery, and did his part to stay the progress of his malady, but when he saw that it had been otherwise decreed he looked through the window at the green trees and the blue sky, whispering, "How beautiful!" Then, with the peaceful acceptance of his doom, bade us all good-by, and with "Thy will be done," fell asleep.

We shall cherish the memory of our dead—his life an incentive to the youth of his country, his record unblemished by regrets. He has passed beyond the reach of time, and his last hours were made radiant by a faith in God and a certainty of the immortality which awaits us all. Such an example, such a deathbed, speak to us with an eloquence which cannot be resisted.

That kind of religion leads one in the footsteps of the Master, both when He entered Gethsemane and when He ascended to Heaven.

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

For the third time in a single generation the people of the United States stand awe-struck about the bier of a murdered President. In the present instance the horror takes on a sharper edge of grief out of the sudden revulsion of feeling from hope to despair; from the confident belief that the hand of the assassin had missed its mark to the swift descent of the dread Angel of Death without warning and before our eyes; eyes that were

but yesterday lit with the glad elation of danger passed, now dimmed and wet with tears. It comes to us as a personal affliction, as a sorrow we cannot drive away from our door-sill. Even rage and shame are for the moment quenched by the pity of it, the sense of humiliation is drowned by the sense of humility, and, as we bow our heads in silent prayer, the virtues of him that is dead rise between us and him that struck the blow.

Truly, the words quoted by Blaine to picture the slayer of Garfield apply to the slayer of McKinley with deeper significance and added emphasis. "Whoever," he said, "shall hereafter draw a portrait of murder, if he would show it as it has been exhibited where it was last to be looked for, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate. Let him draw rather a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character." How perfect a description of Czolgosz, the moral leper; differing from Guiteau in the cold serenity and causelessness of his act, even as McKinley differed from Garfield in a gentler nature and a sweeter and purer grace.

It will not be said by the most censorious critic of William McKinley that he was not a well-intentioned man, who loved his country and tried to do his duty. To those who had the happiness personally to know him he seemed very much more than this; a man who brought to the public service a strong character and large capabilities, but who in his private relations of life was graciousness personified; patient, kindly, sympathetic. The notion that he was not his own master, and the master of all about him, was singularly at fault. Nothing could the better prove this than his fidelity to his friends. It is the weak man who kicks away the ladder when he has climbed to the top. McKinley showed himself grateful to every round of the ladder. In his heart he feared no man's rivalry, not even the accusation

and appearance of a division of power. He knew as few men have known how to say "No" as if conferring a favor and to send the suitor away at least half-satisfied.

He was the strictest, the most orthodox of partisans in the sense that he earnestly believed his party to be right. "The party, right or wrong," meant with him the conviction that parties are aggregations; made up both of right and wrong; and that as to the sum-totals and in the long run he was surer of realizing his ideals by keeping closely in the party line. Thus, though accessible to his political adversaries, and most considerate in his intercourse with them, he took counsel mainly of his political friends; a very Jackson in this respect, without Old Hickory's vehemence, his obdurate likes and dislikes.

Justly to understand William McKinley we must take this into account. It is the lode-star that sheds a flood of light upon all that he said and did. He resembled Lincoln in the steadfastness of his partyism and the benignancy of his utterances and conduct.

Opposed to him upon most public questions, both theoretical and practical, we yet cannot help thinking that his removal from the head of affairs at this time is a national calamity. However men may differ as to the new questions which are even now but half risen above the disk of the political firmament, there cannot be two opinions as to the proposition that they should be met with intelligent disposition. If in the nature of the case they augment the power of the Executive—though for a time only—it is of the first importance that that Executive should be an honest man not given to excesses of assumption, or radical experimentation. In William McKinley we had such a man. The promptitude and firmness with which he put his foot upon the third-term suggestion gave the country assurance that he was working to no ulterior purpose. It was direct proof of disinterestedness. It stripped the new problems of all extraneous matter, sending a most misleading and dangerous issue to the

rear, and put them before the country upon their merits. If Mr. McKinley had done no other service to the State, this would have been of incalculable value.

But there was one other thing which he did for which he received discredit among thoughtless people. They said he "kept his ear to the ground." If by that it was meant that he tried to keep in close touch with public opinion, to catch, as it were, the heartbeats of the people, why not? What President before him would have dared to place upon the lapel of his coat and proudly to wear a Confederate badge? But he, too, was the President who restored Wheeler and Lee to the military service. He vetoed few bills. He stopped them before they got to him. He had no nominations rejected. Congress was with him, not against him.

Critics, seeking to deny him the higher virtues of statesmanship, called him a clever politician. And so he was. But was it only clever politics that was able to hold the Government well in hand and keep it out of a premature declaration of war until the moral basis of that war should be clearly laid and the people be thoroughly united? Was it only clever politics to pilot the ship of state through the breakers which succeed all wars and to bring her back into port intact and with so little strain that thus far we can scarce see any sign of danger, or even of stress of weather? What may betide, what may be hid in the womb of the future, we know not. We can only judge the sailing as far as we have gone. The elements may thicken and grow dark. The skies may be overspread. Perils may gather on every hand. But the sailing has been too smooth over seas that were so strange for anybody to deny the actual statesmanship, however he may dispute the doctrinal statesmanship of William McKinley.

The death of Lincoln was certainly untimely. He was the friend, not the enemy, of that part of the country which at that moment most needed a friend. Had he lived the course of events

would have been surely different. There would have been no era of reconstruction, with its rigors, made possible alone by his taking off. Reading that dark chapter anew, we can see in the death of William McKinley nothing less than a national calamity; the removal from the head of affairs at an important epoch of a disinterested, able, patriotic man, who had those affairs well in hand; and the casting loose of the moorings of the ship of state, to be driven out among the winds and waves of a most dangerous and treacherous sea, pilotless, rudderless, dominated by partyism, factionism, ambition, and all the evil spirits of the vasty deep of human passion let loose, the hand of the master gone!

He doeth all things well. Yea, but whom He loveth He chasteneth. Was it that the stricken South stood in need of chastisement that the kindly Lincoln was removed and the dread gospel of hate and force was set up in his place? And has this bereavement come upon us as a punishment, and the forerunner of other punishment to follow, for our high-blown arrogance and pride, our wicked forgetfulness of the homely, home-spun traditions of our being and our faith? The answer to the riddle we shall know full surely, and soon enough.

Standing by the dead body of William McKinley, the man —the simple, generous, gentle man—our Chieftain yet our fellow-citizen—we can only mourn; mourn for our country and ourselves that he is gone; mourn for the evil that has come upon us by this cruel and unnatural murder; mourning above all for that stricken one, that bosom friend, that wilted flower, cruelly struck down by the hand of the assassin, never to hope again until the angels shall open their wings and take her where they have taken him. God have mercy upon us this day, as a nation and as a people! It is too dreadful to contemplate. May it make us better men and women, now and forever, amen!

HENRY WATTERSON.

Boston Globe, September 14, 1901.

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

The death of President McKinley has sent a thrill of profound sorrow into the hearts of all classes of people. That a man with such a sunny, genial temperament should be the target of an assassin, is one of the extraordinary events of our time. That he should be taken in the prime of his maturer manhood adds to the universal sorrow occasioned by his death.

This is not the time nor the place to dwell upon the characteristics of the hare-brained monster who caused his death, or to urge that proper national and State laws should be passed to control or exclude from this country men who are avowed anarchists. That question will come up and be settled and settled right at no distant day.

It is rather a time to dwell lovingly and sorrowfully and sympathetically with seventy-five millions of people who mourn our Chief Magistrate's untimely end and deplore the "deep damnation of his taking off."

It is a time for us to dwell upon the active and useful life which President McKinley led in the span of fifty-eight years which he was permitted to live. His record is certainly a remarkable one, even in this free and enlightened country, whose history is illustrated with the brilliant and courageous acts of self-made men in numerous lines of activity and usefulness. Born in 1843, Mr. McKinley entered the service of his country as a private in 1861, when only eighteen years of age. In April, 1862, he was promoted to commissary sergeant. In September of the same year he was promoted to be second lieutenant for gallantry at Antietam. He was promoted to first lieutenant in 1863, raised to a captaincy in 1864, and was made brevet major in 1865.

His was a continuous and brave service from the beginning

of the Civil War to the end. It is a remarkable fact that in serving for this long period and participating in many battles, being almost constantly in danger for four arduous years, he was never wounded, and was fated at last to die by the bullet of an anarchist. In his army service he passed through showers of bullets which must have aggregated tons of lead, and was never harmed, but met his death at the hands of a cowardly assassin in the midst of an exhibition of the fruits of peace and progress.

With his career as a lawyer and his upward march in politics the people are familiar. His services in Congress and as Governor of Ohio made him one of the most prominent public men in the country. First elected President in 1896, in 1898 he did what he could to prevent the Spanish War, because he was familiar from his own experiences with the horrors of strife, but when it came he endeavored to do his whole duty with intelligence, patriotism, and at a great sacrifice of mental and physical force.

Emerson says, " If a man wishes friends, he must be a friend himself." William McKinley evidently believed this sentiment, and carried it out faithfully from the beginning of his life to the end. When thanked the other day by a man to whom he had been a good friend he simply replied, " My friends have been very good to me." A man who doesn't stand by his friends in religion, in politics, in business, and in social life, in adversity and prosperity, has something lacking in his makeup, which prevents a successful and perfectly rounded life. President McKinley met this test in a superb and striking manner.

The President of the United States has to live in the " bright sunlight of publicity " every day, and it is due to this fact that Mr. McKinley's domestic life became familiar to the rank and file of the American people. His ceaseless devotion to his wife under all circumstances, in health and in sickness, endeared him more especially to the women of the country over whose destinies

he presided. In his case the husband remained the lover, sincerely and completely, and he set an example to the men of this and succeeding generations, which must always have a beneficial effect upon the homes of the American people.

I have always maintained that any man, no matter how rich or powerful he may become, no matter what positions of power he may hold, will, as he draws near the end of his life, find the most satisfaction in reviewing the acts where he has been helpful and kind to those who are weaker and poorer than he is. President McKinley's life has been filled with acts of kindness which make up one of the brightest and most satisfactory pages of his busy life. He will be sincerely mourned by the American people as a whole, but his memory will be especially prized by the host of people whose burdens were lifted and into whose lives bright rays of sunshine came from the kind heart of William McKinley.

Philadelphia Inquirer, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY DEAD.

President McKinley is dead. It is a shock not only to our own country, but to every civilized government in the world, for other governments have learned first to respect and then to admire the man who has met them in the field of diplomacy, who has shown them the way out of the Chinese question, who has handled the Spanish problem with such marked ability, and who, in the very last speech that he was ever destined to make, that delivered at Buffalo on the day before he was shot down, breathed to the whole world a spirit of peace and good-will, and gave assurance that this great country of ours did not intend to fight unfairly for trade, but that in reciprocity there should be cordial dealings.

It has seemed, since the bullet of the assassin found its mark

and while the President has been lingering between life and death, that the nation could not spare him. The people have remembered what he has done, and that in the consummation of his policies the greatest prosperity that we have ever known has come to us. He will go down to history and will remain in their memories as one of the great Presidents.

For it is not the leading of men in times of a crisis such as convulsed the nation in the 60's that alone makes a President great. Peace also hath its victories, and also calls for wise statesmanship, and it is the wisdom displayed by the McKinley administration that has brought such widespread blessings to our shores.

McKinley has made few mistakes. He was not responsible for the Spanish war, but when it came he fought it out, and then came the problems that would have swamped a man of smaller calibre—those of Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines. It is useless here to go over the details of the Paris Peace Commission, to follow the instructions given by the President, which added so much new territory to our possessions. It is all fresh in the public mind—how the President was bitterly assailed because he would not abandon the Philippines to their fate, which would have been continuous revolution or the forcible taking of the islands by other powers. The so-called anti-Imperialists have been overwhelmed with the now very general public belief that the President did just right; that, in fact, he could have done nothing else, while his determination to give the fullest measure of self-government to the Philippines has been made known by the work of the Philippine Commission.

And during the solving of these problems the Chinese question loomed up with its dangerous possibilities, for there were nations ready to demand a slice of territory to the detriment of the great and growing trade of the United States. Long before Pekin had become a slaughter-house the McKinley administration had secured by diplomacy the consent of the various

powers to the maintenance of the open door, but in times such as befel the representatives of the powers in China when the Boxers were murdering and plundering, such agreements are not to be relied upon. But it was the courage of McKinley, the splendid diplomacy displayed, that won a magnificent triumph for the United States and left the Chinese Empire intact, with a grand trade outlook for this country. When a President succeeds in practically forcing the whole world to his way of thinking, he must needs be reckoned in history as a great President.

His earlier contests were won upon the tariff questions, which made his name famous before he became President. He fought for his principles even when the election of Cleveland seemed to show their unpopularity with the majority. But he lived to see those principles triumph grandly, until now the opponents of his political party have about abandoned the field of free trade, and the commercial nations are welcoming his extension of the Blaine plan of reciprocity. Protection, honest money as opposed to unlimited silver, the extension of commerce, the building up of the merchant marine, the construction of the inter-oceanic canal—all these have become policies, some of which are not yet carried out. But the country will look to his successor to continue them.

The President is dead. Long live the President! Turn we now to Roosevelt, for although the nation mourns as it has mourned only upon few occasions before, the nation itself it not dead. It must go on living. And so, what of Roosevelt?

There will be those to feel nervous, for financial circles are quick to take alarm. It will be recalled of Roosevelt at first blush that he is essentially the "rough rider," the man of war, the intense American, the possible jingo, and the fear will be expressed that in dealing with the South American troubles, which must now fall to him, there will be danger that the country will be plunged into serious difficulties. But it must also be recalled that Roosevelt is a man of experience in public life,

that he is a student, that as Governor of New York he made a distinct success, and that, accepting as he must do, the unfinished work of McKinley, he will feel in duty bound to carry on that work to its legitimate conclusion.

Changes of administration always create some nervousness, but in the case of Roosevelt we believe that he will have no desire to stray in any way from the high standard set, and that a wise conservatism will prevail.

The nation mourns—but the nation is safe.

Milwaukee Sentinel, Milwaukee, Wis.

A NATION MOURNS.

President McKinley is dead. For the third time in less than half a century the hand of an assassin has brutally murdered the chief chosen by the American people as a fit man to preside over the destinies of the nation.

Born in humble circumstances of poor parents, President McKinley was a shining example of the success that can be achieved in the United States by those who earnestly, conscientiously, and industriously strive for success along right lines. His life and works give the lie to the slanderers of the American Republic who rail against society and attempt to light the fires of class hatred in order that those who have incurred their displeasure may be consumed.

Throughout his life President McKinley grew in mental stature and intellectual strength from year to year. His fame was not built upon a limited number of great achievements, but upon innumerable accomplishments filling out each year of his life from the day he offered himself as a boy soldier in the defence of his country to the time when he was stricken down by the murderous hand of a fanatical anarchist.

This affliction enters every home in the land. To-day the

American people mourn as one family for the head of the household. In such an hour, with a great national sorrow oppressing the people, it is natural to turn for comfort to the words of that other martyred President who, in addressing the frantic people of New York when the great Lincoln was stricken, calmed them with the assurance, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!"

Illinois State Journal, Springfield, Ill.

ASSASSIN STRUCK AT THE PEOPLE THROUGH THEIR PRESIDENT.

Another good man has suffered the extreme of mortality for the people of this nation and the mortal frame of William McKinley lies cold because a wicked assassin took away the precious boon of life conferred by the Creator. Without even the poor excuse of resentment for some fancied wrong or slight, without any grievance, either real or imaginary, against his victim, without the shadow of malice against the man whose life he sought, the cowardly villain put a bullet in the body of the executive he should have honored and respected while the generous official stood with hand outstretched in kindly welcome to the hand that smote. It is an awful thought that a creature endowed with God-given intelligence could so far forget the rights of others and the duty he owes to the Great Judge as to stand before his victim in public and with professed friendship and respect speed the murderous bullet; and yet, such a man lives and has his friends, admirers, and endorsers.

William McKinley was the choice of the intelligent freemen of America for the highest office in the gift of the Republic. He administered the great responsibilities of that post with such skill and fidelity as to win approval from a greater number of electors than even the great majority which established him in office

upon his first candidacy. The verdict of the people of the nation was that William McKinley was wise, just, and safe; that his policies and methods were satisfactory, and that a very large majority preferred to retain him rather than to permit a change to be made. The people were entitled to his services as an official, and he was entitled to live and move and have his being among them until it should be decreed by Providence that life should cease. No man had the right to intervene and terminate that life.

As an individual William McKinley was esteemed superior to the average in many respects and was frequently conceded to be a near approach to the ideal. His life was honorable in every respect. His family relations were conspicuously tender and sincere, and his devotion to the good woman who shared his name and hopes, although unostentatious, was very generally recognized and commented upon. It was of that self-sacrificing quality which alone denotes true affection and unselfishness, and the object of such devoted affection was never allowed to suffer through unfortunate affliction because of some public obligation. This characteristic alone was accepted by many as an index to the nature of the man so greatly honored by his fellow-citizens, but it was not the only indication of the goodness of heart which dominated the gentle spirit at the head of public affairs in the United States. The President was a godly man. He identified himself with one of the great Christian denominations, and was a sincere worshipper at the divine altar. No man could preside acceptably over the welfare of 70,000,000 of people who was not at heart a good man and a believer in the divine Ruler. William McKinley's faith was well placed and it was firm. The pathetic scenes around the deathbed of the expiring executive show that his heart was right, and that his spirit was at peace with its Maker.

Mingled with the tears of the people of this country who loved, respected, and honored their murdered President, will be

the sympathetic outpourings of the intelligent people of all nations of the earth, for this executive was known, respected, and admired throughout all the lands of enlightenment. But the people of other nations will feel more than an ordinary interest in the fatal termination of this assassination because the crack of the pistol represents the hiss of a venomous reptile which seeks to destroy popular government in the form which has been developed gradually through more than a century of national existence. It will be recognized, generally, as an assault upon free institutions rather than mere personal expression of a desire for individual destruction. It means that there is an element in the United States which awaits only a favorable opportunity to light the torch which shall begin a destructive conflagration in the anticipation that it may clear the way for the foundation of a nation of incoherent and irresponsible incongruities, a lawless band of destroyers whose only aim is to gather and enjoy the fruits of the toil and economy of others without even the form of justice. It is not known, either at home or abroad, how extensive an element of the population of this country that lawless band is, and the outrage so universally lamented to-day is regarded to some extent as the possible forerunner of further acts of like nature. The tears of the mourners may be dried by their fears.

Many prayers will go up from Christian hearts for the gentle helpmate who is so sadly bereft. Many supplications will wend their way upward for divine support in this trying hour of bereavement. Always severe to devoted hearts, the tearing asunder of such ties as bound the nation's chief in holy wedlock will prove more than ordinarily trying to the one who has been shielded so long and so tenderly. It is the hope of all good people that the lady may be able to survive the shock, and that her life also may not be upon the soul of the slayer. Her loss is greater than that of any other individual or association of individuals, and she is deserving of the utmost consideration.

Sacramento Bee, Sacramento, Cal.

THE NATION MOURNS HER MARTYRED DEAD.

The death of President McKinley has plunged the nation into heartfelt grief. He has died a martyr, for his assassination was not because of any private enmity, but a blow directed at the life of the nation.

It is a tragic end to a career of remarkable success in public life, which had promised many more years of active service and efficiency. But yet, in one sense, it is a glorious termination. The name of William McKinley will go down in history coupled with that of Lincoln and Garfield, for the crown of martyrdom is common to the three.

While in politics the late President excited criticism and antagonism, as any party leader necessarily must, he was always recognized as a worthy representative of the highest type of American citizenship. No taint of dishonor rests upon his reputation. In his private life he was ever clean, kindly, courteous, and self-respecting. Few public men have been in closer touch with the people, in social as well as in political relations. There was nothing of the autocrat in the make-up of William McKinley, and not many of the public men of the United States ever enjoyed a greater personal popularity.

In his domestic relations, more particularly, the martyred President was a model of what a good husband and father ought to be. One of the most cruel aspects of his death is the bereavement it has caused where his affections centred, and where strength is lacking to endure so poignant an affliction.

In the calamity that has befallen the nation every honest citizen must feel a sense of personal loss. It is Republicanism, Democracy in America, that has been stricken by the crime of Czolgosz, and every member of the body politic has thus been assailed.

Happily the foundations of our Government are laid too broad and deep to be shaken by anarchy. The bullet of the assassin has had power to wound, but not to endanger the nation's life.

It emerges from this trial, as from all others, stronger and purer from the test.

The blood of its martyrs is the seed of its liberty and the cement of its unity.

North and South, East and West, are merged in the common sorrow.

Every such event draws citizens closer together by those "mystic chords of sympathy" to which the immortal Lincoln so eloquently referred in one of the noblest of orations.

Chicago Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

William McKinley is dead. The Chief Magistrate, chosen by 80,000,000 freemen to guide and govern their commonwealth, has fallen at his post of duty. The most benevolent of America's public servants has been cut off in the midst of his humane career.

Benevolence was the strongest trait of William McKinley's character. In private and in public life his chief aim was to add to the sum of human happiness. His whole public career was devoted to efforts to make his countrymen more prosperous —to make life easier, happier, and brighter for all about him. And in these efforts he greatly succeeded.

Under his guidance, his countrymen enjoyed more comfort and more happiness than ever before in the history of the United States. The material prosperity of the American people under his administration is a thrice-told tale. Under the policies for

which he stood this nation advanced as never before. Nor was the advancement wholly material. For with prosperity came leisure and opportunity for mental and spiritual progress such as millions had never before known.

Nor were the achievements of William McKinley's administration confined to the boundaries of the Republic. Under it the people rose in their might and gave freedom to alien millions for centuries ground beneath the heel of despotism. Cuba, Porto Rico, and the isles of the Philippines were liberated both from their European tyrants and from the baser elements among their own people. This nation led the way to the rescue of civilization from Mongolian barbarism. The prestige of the Republic was enhanced throughout the earth. The area of freedom was enlarged and its pillars everywhere were strengthened.

Yet in this hour of sorrow the people's thought must turn from William McKinley the statesman to William McKinley the man. In word and deed his life was pure. Amid all the criticism of his public acts his personal integrity was never questioned. Amid all the temptations of lofty station his cleanliness and rectitude of personal conduct were never doubted. William McKinley the statesman had many opponents and some enemies. William McKinley the man deserved the enmity of no human being.

He loved justice, but his errors, when he erred, were ever on the side of mercy. He loved his country with all his heart and soul, and strove ever for her welfare and honor. He loved mankind, and his last public utterance was a prayer for the peace and happiness of all the human race, while his first word after receiving the fatal blow was a command that mercy be shown his assassin.

That this just and merciful man, whose every thought was good-will itself, should have been so cruelly torn from the station he adorned, from the nation he loved, and from the millions who loved him, but adds to the horror and detestation felt

for the crime and the criminals. For with William McKinley's blood more than one hand is stained.

Yet of these base and infamous men none wishes to think now. Better, far better, is it to think of the good man who has gone to the reward which his steadfast faith had won. About his bier the nations mourn. Yet his life and deeds remain in memory as a worthy example to the present and posterity.

The Dispatch, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

At 2.15 o'clock this morning the struggle for life was over. The public during the past week passed from the daze of shock to the earliest hopes, thence as the progress seemed rapid toward recovery to rejoicing and over-confidence; then, as the unfavorable turn appeared, to alarm, dismay, and, finally, as the last breath passed away, to despair and mourning. The high hopes of Wednesday make the fatal event of this morning the harder to accept. But it is fate. All that is left of the statesman, about whom less than eight days ago thousands were thronging in affection and admiration, is the dull and insensate clay. To this and to memory the nation must pay the final and mournful honors.

William McKinley's public life extended over the past twenty-five years, and for the last eleven years had been a leading part of the history of the country. But his personal record since he reached adult age is a part of the memory which the nation will hold dear as a characteristic American life. The youth who, fresh from school, was among the first to rally to the defence of the Union, and who through four years of war served his country with honor and credit, is no less significant as making up the man than the Congressman whose industry

brought him the leadership, or the President who patiently and even tentatively led his country through new and untried junctures to the solution of unexpected issues. All typify the characteristics which make American citizenship at its best, and show the highest possibilities open to him who believes in his country and himself.

The statesmanship of the late President was of his time and his nation. He did not display the bold and meteoric strokes of Blaine, the set and impassive determination of Grant, or the rugged and somewhat obstinate independence of Cleveland. He was disposed to approach new problems in a tentative spirit. He accepted the limitations of politics and circumstances, and was willing to modify his original views as progress might show to be best, or as practical need might dictate. But above the necessity of feeling his way and adapting his course to conditions was the guiding and predominant purpose of working out the best results possible for his country. It must be recognized that in this way he accomplished great results. The labors which Washington and Lincoln performed were greater than his. But next to them the record of taking the headship of a nation in the depth of commercial depression and carrying it through war and the untried puzzles of expansion to an undreamed-of zenith of peace, prosperity, and good feeling is unrivalled on the part of other American Presidents.

It is one of the atrocities of this murderous lunacy that of the nine Presidents in the past forty years the three kindliest, most lovable, and most democratic are those which have fallen by assassins' bullets. The other six had qualities which were likely to inflame opposition, or dim their popularity. But Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley were of all men the three that should have been safe from the assassin's hate. And of the three, as already said, McKinley was the one who seemed inalienably secure in the affection and admiration of the masses.

Dallas News.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

The head of the nation is dead, not in the course of the working of the laws of nature, but by the cruel hand of murder. He went to his death not because of the antagonism of him who slew him toward him, but because he was the highest representative of a free and prosperous people. He represented the Government, and it was the Government that the blow was aimed at. Hence the sorrow over his death is made great not only because of the noble character of the man thus untimely taken off, but also by that patriotism which feels that the blow was at the country. Mr. McKinley will live in history as the beloved among his people. His name will be written without an expression of excuse or explanation following it. He lived in a memorable epoch—lived when the Republic may be said to have emerged from youth into full and strong manhood. For within his terms truly a revolution has come about. The Spanish War, the marvellous material progress which has marked the life of the Republic within the last five years were the years of his position as the highest of its agents. It was fortunate that he was cautious rather than bold; that he felt his way instead of rushing forward; that he had the faculty of inducing rather than driving; that he was conservative and matter-of-fact than radical and sensational. For that revolution, greater than even we can properly appreciate, could have not been brought to its present point without a jar to the fabric had he been other than he was. Mr. McKinley may not have been great as men are counted great. He was not the Moltke nor Grant nor Lee in military science—no Talleyrand nor Bismarck nor Seward in diplomacy. He was a plain, every-day gentleman of the highest intelligence and a genius in nothing. He was never so weak as to excite anything but respect from those who disagreed with

him, and he was never so great as to excite hate from individuals or fear from his country. He was a good neighbor President, a home President, a patriot President, and a lover of his country, who has contributed as much to its greatness as any of his predecessors. And there is not within all the land, North, South, East, or West, a man in whose heart a love of country abides, or in whose breast an admiration for a good citizen exists who will not drop a tear over his grave and say he was an American—a citizen—and both of that type which will make the nation's name glorious and its citizenship the grandest the world has seen.

Cleveland Plain Dealer, Cleveland, O.

SHRINED IN A PEOPLE'S LOVE.

Dead!

For the third time the nation is bowed in grief over a murdered President, struck down by the hand of an assassin without shadow of cause or extenuating circumstances.

Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, martyr Presidents whose memory will be shrined in the hearts of the American people as long as the country shall endure. Men of honorable lives and patriotic services, slain for no faults of their own, but because they had been chosen to embody the power of the people, and the blow that struck them was aimed at that power.

For the crime against its own majesty in the killing of the President the sovereign people of the United States will exact the severest penalty the law can inflict, but the universal sorrow is for the man as well as for the official. William McKinley had borne his high office so well that he won the esteem and personal friendship of all. His death is everywhere felt a personal loss.

Here, where he is so well known to all, where he went in and out as one of our own people, where he has his most intimate friends and not a single enemy, the death of William McKinley comes nearer than the passing away of a President. There is no vacancy in the Presidential office, but a friend has gone whose place will never be filled.

To sorrow for the loss of the President, neighbor, and friend is added keen sympathy for the stricken wife over whom he had watched with such devotion and loving solicitude. The hearts of all go out to Mrs. McKinley in this, her hour of supreme trial.

Bowed in sorrow over the dead, there is one consoling thought. He who gave his life for his country was worthy the honors the people had bestowed on him, the love they felt for him, the place his memory will hold in their hearts.

Boston Journal.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

If hope deferred maketh the heart sick, what of hope grown keen and buoyant that is suddenly turned to bitterest grief?

Had the bullet of the assassin proved instantly fatal, the shock to the nation might have been more startling, but the sorrow would have been less intense. This week of suffering, borne with manly fortitude and Christian faith, has endeared William McKinley as never before to the great, warm heart of the American people. Since Lincoln they have so loved no President. Their passion of sympathy, their yearning that all might go well with the stricken executive, have burned away the barriers of partisanship as with the consuming and purifying force of fire. "Ah, if he lives, if he lives"—men said—"what a power he will be—how we shall all be glad and proud to heed and follow him!" But it was not to be. He who

would have been the nation's hero is its martyr. He has fallen in our cause. His murderer was inflamed to the awful deed by the ravings of alien outlaws, who hate the Republic for its ordered liberty and its majestic strength.

But this is no time for thought of vengeance. That would have been far from the kindly heart of the dead President. The people who loved him are too full of grief to-day for any other emotion. They are looking back through the crowded years. They see the ardent young soldier of Antietam and Cedar Creek, the student returned to his books, the modest practitioner of law, the hard-working District Attorney, the new member of Congress who made men listen when he spoke, and point to him as one destined for distinction; then the Governor of Ohio, brave in defeat, faithful among the faithless, clinging still in those cyclonic years of 1890-1891 to his profound belief in the American principle of protection; then, by the grateful choice of a chastened people, the President of the United States.

It was William McKinley's unswerving advocacy of the protective policy which made him President. He believed in protection as implicitly as he believed in our republican form of government. Indeed, he regarded the one as the essential and inevitable complement of the other. When the pendulum of public sentiment, having gone for a time astray, swung back to the American system in 1893 and afterward, the ablest, most consistent, and most convincing champion of protectionism in all America became the logical Republican candidate in the next Presidential election. Friend and foe alike acknowledged this. The McKinley law did not have to wait until 1896 for its vindication. The Congressional campaign of 1894, waged almost exclusively on the tariff question, brought overwhelming defeat to the Democracy. That was before the silver issue had come in to split the party in twain. In 1893, on the tariff question alone, William McKinley had been elected Governor of his native State by the unheard-of plurality of 81,000.

Thus the tariff controversy, ending in absolute triumph for protectionism, marked Governor McKinley out plainly as the nation's Chief Magistrate. The silver question was a mighty force in the memorable Presidential campaign of 1896, but the result had really been decided beforehand. Republican victory was certain, and it was no more sweeping on the tariff and silver questions together than it had been on the tariff only two years before.

This is a great, significant fact which should be remembered in justice to William McKinley's public services. He will go down in history as the foremost protectionist of the later half of the nineteenth century, as Henry Clay was of the earlier one. Protectionism could not make Clay President, but it could and did make McKinley President. That is a fair measure of the steady growth in favor of this economic principle among the thinking citizens of the United States.

But William McKinley was not a man of one idea. He brought to the advocacy of sound money in 1896 the same lucid intellect and earnest heart which he had given year after year to his distinctive policy of protection. The best sound-money arguments in that campaign were the arguments that came from the pen or the lips of the Republican candidate himself. How true he was to his pledges the record of Congress attests. First the tariff, then the currency were buttressed by legislation, and the prosperity which the menace of free trade and free silver had banished came back as by the wave of the magician's wand.

No sooner were those weighty problems settled than another, uglier, and more perplexing, pressed imperatively for solution. President McKinley's handling of the grave crisis that culminated in the Spanish War was a flawless example of wise and brave statesmanship. He used his utmost endeavors to prepare the country for a conflict, but he exhausted every resource of diplomacy before he would consent to the striking of a blow. No clamor of Congress, no taunts of "weakness" or "coward-

ice," could move him. He was too good a soldier; he had been under fire before. When he did give the signal he had a united country behind him—united as it never had been in any war with a foreign or domestic enemy.

That war of 1898 left a vexatious heritage. President McKinley met the Philippine problem as he had met the problems that preceded it, with patience, courage, moderation, faith in man, and faith in God. He was subjected for a time to such a storm of abuse as had poured on no President since Lincoln, but he bore it exactly as Lincoln bore his heavy burden, and he lived to see the vindication of his policy and to receive the overwhelming approval of the people. His re-election a year ago by immense popular and electoral majorities was the very greatest honor which the American nation ever gave an American President.

William McKinley was a great President because he was a great man. He was an unassuming man; he had no meteoric genius, he had no theatrical magnetism. He won men to him by the power of his transparent honesty. Here, everybody instinctively recognized, is a man who means everything he says. There were other men more scholarly; other men more eloquent. What made William McKinley the first public man of America was the wonderful quality of his earnestness. Those who heard him speak before the Home Market Club in Boston a year and a half ago will never, so long as they live, forget the absolute sincerity and unflinching courage that rang out in every syllable.

He dies with his great work unfinished, as Lincoln died before him. But, like Lincoln, he had gone far enough to see the light ahead. The years to come will be easier than the years just behind us—thanks to the wisdom, the bravery, and the devotion of the noble soul that has departed. In our grief we must not forget our gratitude.

The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

THE NATION'S GRIEF.

The death of the President comes to the people of the United States as a common grief. In the North, to whose cause he was espoused when Civil War raged; in the South, to whose people he brought a message of real fraternity; in the new nation, baptized in the blood of all sections, the name of McKinley had become a household word. He was close to each, without indifference to either; with the love of a father, he looked forward to the maturity of the nation over which he had been called to preside.

The hour of death removes politics, but better still the love of a lifetime had extracted whatever asperity might have existed. The high office of President was fittingly filled by a man measuring up to its requirements. To him it made no difference whether patriot had worn blue or gray; he accepted the heart-loyalty of the present as the token of the future. There will be many evidences of the dead President's administration to perpetuate his name. He had an eye to the material supremacy of the Union; he had expanded the limits of American authority beyond the seas, but, greater than all—the greatest possible—was the binding of domestic wounds and the healing of internal estrangement.

The nation mourns for McKinley; the South kneels at his bier; the whole world sees a weeping but united nation.

But government never stands still. With the closing of the career of the President, the Vice-President comes into office. This brings to the nation no shock of policy or of person. The people elected McKinley and Roosevelt as one in purpose, and one in policies. Theodore Roosevelt is an outspoken man; brave, and ready to meet every emergency. Placed in positions of untried trust, he has proven equal to every occasion. His quali-

ties are of the manly order. He, like the late President, is full of hope for his country, and looks to a glorious future for it. In his blood there courses a Georgian strain. That he will meet his new responsibility there need be no doubt. Theodore Roosevelt will prove a worthy successor of William McKinley.

To the nation itself there comes the lesson of responsibility. A government of laws can only be upheld by a people devoted to law observance. We have permitted canker to grow up in the body politic. We have overlooked the vile abuse of our institutions by men who sought our protection only to betray it. While the nation's chief was in agony vile men rejoiced, and brazen women, like the Goldman fiend, laughed officers to scorn. Law was mocked, and there was only helplessness to look on. There must be a change! There must be no compromising with civic crime! The anarchist must go! He must not gloat over the grief of a strong nation. Herein lies work for the people!

Chicago Daily News.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

With the death of William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, a great epoch closes. The beginning of a greater epoch was foreshadowed in the remarkable address delivered by the late President on the day before the assassin struck him down.

Three of the seven Presidents elected by the people of this nation since 1860 have been assassinated. Therefore no one had reason to be greatly surprised when a furious degenerate, who calls himself an anarchist, slew in cold blood one of the best beloved of the Presidents. The man who stands as the chief representative of order and sane government is in constant peril from any loathsome creature who, with boundless egotism,

chooses to kill that he may show his malice against the human race. Assassination has come to be quite the most probable death for the head of a government. The lesson which should come to all from this latest monstrous deed is to modify extreme opinions, to respect the office of President and the man who fills it to the best of his ability, to sympathize with his perils and his heavy cares rather than to envy his honors and sneer at his supposed motives in his public acts.

In spite of the hideous aspect of the assassination of the President and in the face of the universal lamentation which it has caused throughout the nation and the world, it is comforting to know that for the victim the moment when the crime was committed was peculiarly fortunate. The policy of the President's administration had been crowned with marvellous success. Under its stimulating influence the nation had emerged from financial gloom and disorder. Successful in war and in great colonial enterprises, successful in its striving for the regeneration of Cuba, successful in diplomacy abroad and legislation at home, successful beyond precedent in its foreign trade, the nation, under the guidance of its twenty-fifth President, was at high tide of prosperity and honor. Thus was its Chief Executive abundantly justified in outlining, in his address at the Buffalo Exposition, great policies for the continuance of national prosperity and the enhancement of national greatness. That his words were wise is generally conceded. Having done much for the nation, his administration was ready to do much more. Thus, before the assassin struck down this earnest, great American his fame was made doubly secure.

With the greater epoch which must come from the adoption of the policies advocated in the last address of the late President his name will be inseparably linked. His greatness grew from event to event. Like Lincoln, he waited on the wishes of the people and was very near to them, since they furnished him with the inspiration for his work. This extreme sensitiveness to na-

tional needs expressed by the strong common-sense of the enlightened people is one of the most valuable traits of a ruler of a Republic. It may be doubted whether any other President save Lincoln had it in the same degree as did McKinley.

He was a thoroughly good man. He was one of the Republic's great Presidents. His death is universally lamented.

St. Paul Dispatch.

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

It is finished.

Dead!

The American people have turned to face their sorrow in dumb agony, speechless. From black Friday to black Friday they have listened, tremulously, at the door of Fate. Not all the time have they been conscious that the sun of hope could go down before so dark a midnight as that which separated the eighth day of their suspense from the fatal ninth. They have been intensely nervous, nervously excited, saying bitter things, and bitterly deserved things. Fearing the thunderbolt, they have let the lightning of their wrath vent itself against the enemies of the Republic and the enemy of the most lovable of men. They have spent their strength. To-day there is but one thought, one word.

Dead!

It is not sacrilege to say that greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends, nay, not only for his friends, but for his enemies, for the seventy-six millions of souls to whom his life means freedom, and to the millions in the islands of the sea, even to the millions of struggling people everywhere.

It is not sacrilege because it is again the Christ-drama which has been enacted. Man has died that man may live. The week has been spent in a Garden of Gethsemane. The last words of

this master of a loving people—did they not paraphrase the words in the Garden, two thousand years ago, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt?"—"It is God's way. His will be done." In the first agony of his crucifixion, were not the words the same in spirit as those in the last agony of the Great Crucifixion—"Let no one hurt him"—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

It is not the mere man McKinley who lies dead in the city by the lake, waiting the Arimathean tomb. It is the Master with pierced heart and pierced side. It is wounded Liberty, which shall yet rise and appear to the people on the road to Emmaus, into whose side the doubting Thomas of even anarchy shall thrust its hands and declare: "I believe; help thou my unbelief," Liberty which shall become transfigured on the mount of ascension. Who shall doubt that this is the "blood of a new testament-"? Even now to the people pinnacled upon the summit of grief, there comes, not an angel of darkness, but an angel of light, showing them the nations of the earth, bound together by this blood of a new testament. William McKinley is dead, but not before he has led America to its place among the nations of the earth. When the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, the Queen Regent of Spain can each employ the same language of "dastardly attempt" in referring to the assassin's deed, and when all civilized people openly recognize that this assassination is the attempt to assassinate the People, the infinite price we pay is almost worth the infinite reward.

Dead!

Dead; but still living, still speaking. The day before the murderer's bullet struck him down, the President of the United States made an address to the American people, which marked the summit of his statesmanship. It was more than an address to the American people. It was a manifesto to all men. That most notable sentence of all, "The period of exclusiveness is past," will subtly shape the policies of our nation and of the

world, in this new century pregnant with the world's destiny. Had McKinley made deliberate choice he could not have died at a moment more fitting. It was the psychologic moment of his career to impress himself upon the nations as a great world force. The Buffalo speech was delivered in the Parliament of Man, for the Federation of the World.

We may feel that God was unkind to permit this crime. Viewed in its larger light, must we not say with the lips silent now forever, "It is God's way"?

It is not too early to give to William McKinley his place among our Presidents and among world statesmen. The tremendousness of the moment enlarges the powers of vision, of judgment. He will take his place among the martyr Presidents, that glorious trinity of Abraham Lincoln, James Garfield, William McKinley. He will take his place among the powerful Presidents, that great trinity of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley. As Washington stood alone in the crisis of the nation's birth, as Lincoln stood alone in the crisis of the nation's threatened death, so McKinley stood alone in the crisis of the nation's growth, a milder term, but a period fraught with equal terror. As a man, the people of the world pay him tribute for a charm of personality, a nobility of manhood, a courtesy with acquaintances, a lealty toward friends, a tenderness with loved ones, for a sweetness and serenity of spirit amid the irritations of a public career, under the criticism of a searchlight scrutiny. As a ruler the governments of the world do him honor for his catholic spirit, his democratic sympathies, for clear vision, keen insight, and firm grasp in the larger problems of a world that is a new world.

It is left for the people of the United States to love him. This they are doing with greater love and more universal than ever fell to the lot of a President. And it is left for them, the harder task, of a faith that good shall somehow be the final goal of ill, and that the blood of the martyrs shall be for a covenant.

The Times, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NATION'S GRIEF.

A third time within the memory of our generation the nation is appalled by a murderous assault upon the President. A crime so wanton, so cruel, so unreasonable, not against one man but against humanity, leaves us for the moment stunned and mystified. It casts over the country a cloud of sorrow and doubt. It suggests some awful catastrophe for which we are unprepared.

The murder of Lincoln, at a time when the clouds of war were lifting and he was entering on a new era of constructive statesmanship in a spirit of charity and peace, was nevertheless the sequel of a period of bitter strife and passion, when the President appeared to many minds the embodiment of a hated power. The assassination of Garfield, however associated with partisan dispute, was the individual act of an imbecile. We have learned too little as yet of the man who shot President McKinley at Buffalo to determine his criminal classification, and his crime is so far unaccountable. We can but class it with those other manifestations of the spirit of anarchy, the reckless hatred of organized authority, that have shocked the European world. It is a crime as inexplicable and as futile as the assassination of the President of the French Republic, and more appalling in proportion as we have supposed ourselves removed from revolutionary violence.

It was only yesterday that the whole country was applauding President McKinley's happy speech at the Buffalo Exposition, its broad outlook, its calm and cheerful spirit, the sunny temperament it displayed. It seemed to mark the culmination of a fortunate career, that had carried him on to higher and higher usefulness, making him in some sense the representative of that wider life the nation has attained and of its broadening

influence in the civilization of the world. It was a speech so full of hope and courage and good-will that it stirred the national consciousness. But a few hours later came the distressing news of the cowardly assault, and congratulation gave place to sorrow and anxiety.

Mr. McKinley has happily outlived the narrow limitations of his earlier public life. The politician in him has grown into the statesman, and more and more he has broadened to the requirements of his high office. But even were it otherwise, there would be no thought to-day but for his virtues, his high character as a man, his dignity as President. It is the President who has been wounded, and every loyal American recoils at the injury.

Yet the nation is greater and stronger than any man, however influential, however exalted in station. It was Garfield's own exclamation: "God reigns and the Government still lives." There is no peril in the succession. The country will go on its way in any event. But a shock like this cannot be without effect, and it must be in a sober spirit that our people take up their tasks to-day, awaiting with painful anxiety the news from the bedside of the stricken President.

Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

Yesterday there was a hush even in the places where ordinarily excitement prevails, because of the painful news constantly coming from the bedside of the dying President. Everywhere in the tenderest tones and most sympathetic terms the expected news was discussed. It was the uppermost thought in the minds of millions of American people, and wherever civilization pre-

vails the condition of Mr. McKinley was an earnest topic of conversation.

All day the bulletins indicated that the end was near, yet so great was the desire to hear something favorable, that people lingered around the boards and thronged newspaper and telegraph offices hoping to the last that some word of encouragement would come. Their hopes were never realized.

At the hour of 2:15 o'clock this morning Mr. McKinley passed away, gently and quietly. His last words were to her who for so many years was the object of his unwearying care and attention. The gentle and afflicted wife, who was so near unto death a few weeks ago, received as his last message the comforting words, " God's will, not ours be done," marking him to the last as the Christian statesman whose life was consistent with his professions.

The whole world has denounced the crime which took away from the scenes of life the head of the greatest Republic that has ever existed. It does seem inexplicable that one so gentle and so full of kindness should fall the victim of an assassin. It can scarcely be denied that Mr. McKinley was the most popular President who has ever filled the executive office. His political opponents respected and admired him. Those who knew him best felt for him a genuine affection, and there will be no mourners because of his death more sincere than strong men who often combatted his political views, but who loved the man.

The whole land is in mourning, because it is realized that a just man held the reins, and that now they have dropped from his hand. He has been tried and they felt safe while he was at the helm, but we must remember that the same conditions have existed before and that under our form of government there will be no hiatus. The succession will be orderly and quiet, and we must patiently await the future, trusting that it will bring a continuance of the good order and the good-will that have so happily prevailed in recent years.

Buffalo Express, Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR PRESIDENT.

The news of the death of the President comes to the country with a double shock. It would not be half so terrible if it had followed quickly the shooting. But the world had every reason to believe that the President was getting well. Apparently, he was about to escape the usual fate of rulers in like straits. But, alas! the "McKinley luck" was too good to last on this occasion. The great life went out last evening, just as common lives do, at the crisis of the illness.

The country first began to have doubts that all was not going well with the President about forty-eight hours ago, when it was found necessary to reopen the wound to allay the irritation. People said to themselves: "This is the beginning of the trouble which we have grown to expect in such cases. We saw it in the instance of Garfield; we saw it again in the instance of Grant." The calling in on Thursday of another physician, Dr. Stockton, was another intimation to the wise. The acute trouble began that evening in the failure of the digestive apparatus to do its work. That relieved, the heart next threw out danger signals. Its weakness was beyond repair.

In this age of unrest and unreason, of running after false gods, of the introduction of hateful class distinctions, of the attempted Europeanization of our Government, it is a pleasure to recollect that America can still produce such men as McKinley, and that their fellow-citizens still prefer them to pretenders of the new school. William McKinley was a spiritual descendant of the men who fought with Cromwell, who came over in the Mayflower, who carved out this country with the sword, who laid its foundations in the Constitution, who defended it against sectionalism and its own baser part. His counterparts and prototypes are to be found in the history of every great

nation, ancient and modern, at the time they had reached their highest stage of moral and intellectual progress. This type of humanity is characterized by deep seriousness, by singleness of purpose, by purity of private life, by utter self-absorption in public duty, by steady advances to leadership gained by modest merit. Such were "Plutarch's men." Such was William McKinley.

It is an impressive circumstance that not a single charge affecting McKinley's public or private life was launched during the long campaign of political vituperation and personal misrepresentation. We doubt if this were ever true of any other man who was so long in public life as Major McKinley. For McKinley did not reach his greatness at a single bound. He did not come up in a night, as did some of his rivals. He was content to make small advances, to serve before he aspired to lead. His career was typically American. He had the usual hard-wrought youth, he made his own way in the world, he prepared himself for a profession, he became a volunteer soldier, he took to politics instinctively, he loved one party and served it, he rose from one grade of the public service to another. He met his fellow-men on many grounds, he studied them, he believed in them. He placed his mark high and took no low means to win his goal. He was a man, a statesman and a philosopher. He had borne success and defeat with equanimity. He went into political retirement for the sake of a political doctrine in which he believed. He beggared himself to pay a debt of honor. Never an extremist, he never compromised with his convictions for the sake of immediate profit. He believed in himself and in his country.

There is no greater slander than to call McKinley a dull man. He seemed to plod because he wanted to be sure. When he knew his subject, no man could be more eloquent or ingenious in its presentation. He shared with Gladstone the rare faculty of making facts fascinating, of rendering statistics interest-

ing. This is a gift which is born only of the most sincere conviction. McKinley was the greatest living authority on tariffs, yet who shall say that he was a one-sided man? His papers and speeches prove him to have been master of the whole domain of statecraft. Such broad, searching intelligence, such grasp and comprehension, surely cannot fall short of genius! His courage was as undoubted as his integrity. He dared to do what he knew to be right.

No candid review of the McKinley administrations can deny them the credit of being history-making. The period from March 4, 1897, to September 13, 1901, will stand out by itself in the annals of the nation as distinctly as do the administrations of Jefferson and of Jackson, the two peace Presidents who have most clearly stamped their individuality upon the nation's history. This is not merely because of the addition of a great colonial empire to our possessions. Apart from the colonial expansion, the McKinley administration has had a striking and interesting individuality. The Spanish War alone would have made it memorable. The amazing industrial development would have marked it hardly less strongly. But perhaps the political success that has attended it is the most remarkable feature of all. All these characteristics combined give it a place by itself. There is no previous administration since the organization of the Republic which can be said to have been like McKinley's, except in remote or fragmentary particulars. It has been like Jefferson's in its success, but has been the opposite of Jefferson's, resembling more that of John Adams, in its aims. It has been compared to Lincoln's, but the resemblance can hardly be said to go beyond the fact that both were war administrations. It approaches nearer to that of Polk, but Polk's administration had only a war to distinguish it and was otherwise a failure, ending in the defeat of the President's party. It has been like Jackson's in the power it has developed, but while the Jackson administration smashed its enemies, the McKinley administra-

tion has generally conciliated them, leading many to compare it with the Monroe "era of good feeling."

The Spanish War undoubtedly would have been fought whoever had been President. The industrial development has been for the most part the logical result of long-established Republican policies and, therefore, would have come under any Republican President, supported, as McKinley has been, by Republican Congresses. The colonial policy and the political success must be set down as McKinley's own.

McKinley attached to himself the business interests of the country—the men of wealth and energy who are the dominating class in every community—as they never before were attached to any single political leader. He converted those factions of his own party which originally were suspicious or openly hostile into his most ardent friends. He broke down the opposition party till it almost ceased the pretence of opposing him whenever any important policy was at stake. He gained a mastery over Congress more complete, probably, than was ever before held by any President. What the administration asked, Congress generally did, regardless of consistency and sometimes of the personal judgment of many of the members. He dominated his Cabinet to such an extent that no single member has been able to impress his own individuality on any of the vigorous and successful policies that have been adopted, and even the dissensions within the Cabinet, which usually have marred other administrations, have been kept below the surface, if any have existed.

The methods employed were remarkably simple. Where other administrations have been content to satisfy their own parties, or sometimes merely factions, the McKinley administration undertook, so far as possible, to give everybody what he wanted, or, if not that, something equally good—something good enough to check serious opposition to the administration in general. Conditions were very favorable at the beginning. The adminis-

tration assumed office while the country was suffering from a prolonged period of hard times. A low-tariff experiment had proved a disastrous failure. The intelligence of the country was already practically united against the silver craze. Even in the Democratic South the business men really did not believe in it or hope for its success. The rapid development of prosperity under the stimulus of protection and a sound financial policy was of itself sufficient to attach a great popular following to the administration. When men found they could make money where before they could barely continue business; that they could get good prices where before they could hardly realize the cost of production; that they could obtain steady work at fair wages where before they were much of the time in idleness, it was natural that they should feel that the administration under which these things had been brought about was a good one.

Yet these blessings might have been forgotten, as had occurred in similar circumstances before, if great pains had not been taken to conciliate those politicians who controlled the organizations through which hostility to the administration might have been worked up. While the Democracy has been undermined in its strongholds, the Republican party in the North and West has been built up to a greater strength than it ever reached before. Wherever an opportunity appeared to attach a strong political or business interest to the administration, it has been improved.

All this was skilful politics—in some respects the most skilful that has been seen in the history of the United States. Critics as well as friends recognized that there was a master hand at the helm. Perhaps the strongest evidence of the foresight which has directed the McKinley policies is that whatever criticism they have aroused while in progress of development has been much lessened or has entirely disappeared when the results became apparent. This was true of the tariff, which has passed out of the list of American political issues. It was true of the

silver question, which was defeated more disastrously after the country had had four years of sound money than when it first appealed to popular favor and has now, in all probability, joined the tariff as a dead issue. It is too soon to assert the same results of the expansion policy, but it is a fact that the opposition which it aroused has been to a great extent silenced by the general approval of the measures taken for the temporary administration of the Philippines since the adoption of the Spooner Law putting all power in the hands of the President. Statesmen usually wait till long after they are out of power, often till after death, to receive the approbation which William McKinley was accorded at the very height of his career.

What the future had in store, in so far as this great mind was able to direct it, can only be inferred. Yet it is known that he purposed to make a large expansion of markets by means of reciprocity a feature of his coming policy. That was disclosed by his last public speech on the day before he was shot. It is also known that whatever further successes might have been piled upon the triumphs he already had won, they totally misunderstood his character who supposed he might be cherishing an ambition for a third term. He repudiated that suggestion as soon as it was made in language which left nothing more to be said on the subject. He strove to serve his country; not to gratify personal ambitions. His name is written large in his country's history.

But this is not the time, nor is there now the space to dilate on the character and services of William McKinley. Suffice it to say that he was the best beloved in our long line of Presidents. Political enemies he had, but no personal ones. The manner of his taking-off endeared him still more to his countrymen. While each of us wrestles with his own grief, no one will neglect to spare a tear for the woman who survives the martyred President. Mrs. McKinley's condition must be pitiable, indeed. Her whole life was wrapped up in that of the man

who has gone, as was his in hers. Splendid as he was as a statesman, inspiring as a political leader, magnetic as a man, great as was his public career, the finest and the noblest side of McKinley's character was the devotion he showed as a husband.

As for the treacherous assassin and his God-accursed, man-hating kind, there will be no paltering in dealing with them now.

Indianapolis News.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

How much of good utterly perishes when a good man dies! How sheer the waste is when a man in the full maturity of life is cut off! The result of what he has done lives, but with him ends the ripeness of thought, the richness of attainment that we call experience, the scope of judgment and power of conclusion that he alone may deliver, as the problems of life pass through the alembic of his mind. It is this that is the irreparable loss. Other men may discharge the duties; nothing in this sense depends on any one man. But what might have been had this one man still lived to apply the sum of his wisdom, appeals to the reflection as well as the imagination to sharpen the edge of untimely death as the severance of the affections sharpens it, and realizes the full weight of the aphorism that "not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death."

Of William McKinley, early in his public career, it was said by James A. Garfield, who knew him well and who had the power of knowledge:

"In him we find the best representative of the possibilities of American life. Boy and man, he typifies American youth and manhood, and illustrates the benefits and glory of our free institutions. He did not flash forth as a meteor; he rose with

measured and stately step over rough paths and through years of rugged work. He earned his passage to every preferment. He was tried and tested at every step in his pathway of progress. He produced his passport to every gateway to opportunity and glory."

Every word of this is true—so true that it might have been spoken now at the completion of McKinley's life. But that which is implied is the larger truth, and that is the full-rounded, well-balanced, exactly attempered personality. A view of his life as we know it from his earliest to his latest day shows this forth. There was neither precocity nor promise in his youth above that of others. He had one supreme advantage, he was well-born, in the circumstance which the wise man coveted in the words: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." The alternative statement is: "Remove far from me vanity and lies." This was the happy lot of William McKinley. The "destruction of the poor, which is their poverty," he knew not, nor did he feel the temptations of wealth.

A schoolboy in his "teens," he seemed to have no other thought than that he owed a duty to his country, and within three months of the firing on Sumter, was in the field, a private in the ranks; but he did not prove to be a "little corporal," as his admirers so often called him from his fancied resemblance to Napoleon. He was not a genius in any sense, military or civil; just a sturdy American boy. But, thanks to the happy chance of his descent, he had a training imbued with the spirit of steady subordination and tireless devotion that could be counted on for the full discharge of every obligation. It took him four years to become a major, and he had attracted attention only as a brave, obedient soldier, ready and instant always.

As a four years' veteran he began life at twenty-two by studying law. This he went about by deliberate choice, duly educating himself for his work. In his career at the bar he developed power as an advocate; and yet, here, as in all else,

there was nothing unusual. He was not brilliant. He had a fine manner, and a distinguished presence. He had, moreover, a quality of sweetness added to the serious impression that he produced, which seasoned it always and commended it to the moral nature. He did not in the beginning, nor in the end, leave the impression of a great man. He did leave always the impression of a clean, sane, sincere nature, one that viewed life and his relation to it with a solemn sense of responsibility, that carried with it always assurance of his undeviating devotion.

The generation beginning the real work of the life of to-day can hardly realize the prominence that politics occupied in the life of the generation that began work in the decade after the Civil War. The public mind was in a ferment; the grave questions raised by the war were all up for settlement; the prodigious expanse of the country was for the first time open to the common comprehension. A young man could get a hearing then. Here again this young man was fortunate. He had a comeliness of person like Hamlet, but better than this, he had Horatio's quality—he was blest with those

> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
> That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.

Strikingly handsome, yet with all suggestion of manliness, with a rich tenor voice full and vibrant, he had a seriousness and sweetness of manner, above all an impression of conviction and sincerity that won him instant attention. And yet as a speaker he grew slowly; known first in his little town, then by degrees in his county, and only by accident recommended to those whose command of opportunities could give him a wider audience.

His first political preferment—nomination for prosecuting attorney—was given to him as a mere formality. He had

served so well in a small way as a party speaker, that he was made the candidate because election was considered hopeless. Yet he was elected, and this might be said to be the first demonstration of his hold on the people. The surprise was universal; possibly he himself shared in it. Thence onward he labored incessantly as a lawyer and as a political speaker, and thence onward his life is impressive, from the vast amount of its work and his constant readiness for it.

From first to last there runs through his life and career one unbroken quality—poise. When he got to Congress his life gave no evidence of ability to attract attention or to attain an unusual position. He simply plodded on, doing his duty diligently and meeting the ever-growing request for his presence as a public speaker with addresses on various occasions. It was the old colonel who had watched over him as a boy, who had guided and cared for him in the army, who was then President, Rutherford B. Hayes, that pointed out to him his hope for something more than commonplace service. In the intimacy of their life, one day at the White House President Hayes said to him: "To achieve success and fame you must pursue a special line," and advised him to devote himself to the tariff, as a subject that would not be settled for years. Rutherford B. Hayes made McKinley as clearly as one man ever makes another. Who shall say that but for President Hayes's advice this opportunity might have come and passed, as it came and passed to others? But McKinley was, of all men, one to profit most highly by such advice, for he had supremely the quality of devotion and seriousness of purpose. He soon became known in Congress as an authority on the tariff.

Like all men devoted to one idea, he became a doctrinaire, and to some degree a fanatic. And it was well for him so; for with the triumph of the policy for which he stood, and with which, happily for him, he became identified by name, in the McKinley bill, there came a reaction; but not for him. When

party defeat seemed to indicate that the principle of protection had been in part at least repudiated by the people, he was conspicuously steadfast. The national defeat he declared "had not made Republican principles less true, nor our faith in their ultimate triumph less firm." And so, if he was a fanatic at this period of his life, it was well for him and for his party that he was so.

But he was not a true fanatic. His last public utterance, a few hours before he was shot, showed true statesmanship in manifesting the understanding that this great principle for which he had stood and with which his public life was identified, could be modified for him by circumstances, and that the time had come to modify it. "The period of exclusiveness is past; reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; if perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue, or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?" Here the poise of this admirable nature manifested itself supremely. How much it promised of wise guidance for our future!

His Presidential administration partook of the qualities of the man with one exception. In his deference to the politicians he showed a weakness new and unsuspected, by contradicting himself and to an extent reversing his attitude toward the spoils system. He did not make a complete surrender, but he wavered. He wavered, too, in his views on the all-important subject of the new relations of our dependencies. It can fairly be said for him in this, however, that the situation was new, and that his expressed conviction as to our policy may have been formed on inadequate consideration, and that he was brave enough to contradict himself when further experience pointed to what he believed to be higher wisdom. In other attributes his administration was one of the best that the country has ever had, and

was conspicuously able in more than one crisis created by circumstances new and almost without precedent. He threw the whole weight of his character and office on the side of peace when war seemed inevitable; but history will probably say that, as the result of war, he caught the spirit of conquest. He indubitably favored a retention of the dependencies and a political expansion of the country. In his tour previous to his decision on this question he interrogated the people, and in defence of his after course declared that the people had so instructed him. But he interrogated the people like a skilful advocate.

Brief as the time has been since then, we have become accustomed to the situation. But, let us remember, that at that time we were at the parting of the ways. The cherished beliefs of this country had been that this continent was all of the country; that with the Eastern world we had nothing to do; of the Western world we were the guardian—sitting here in the security of the seas. The expansion that we had constantly illustrated in our growth, and had always believed in, contemplated inevitably the introduction of our institutions and the admission of the new lands to full statehood in due constitutional progression. History, we believe, will say that President McKinley threw the weight of his great personality and of his tremendous prestige, acquired by the successful conduct of the war, on the side of taking the new step that has opened to us the possibility of possessions in every part of the world with all of the responsibilities of empire.

It is this that will make the McKinley administration especially marked in our history. The foreign press, notably the English, which understands us sometimes better than we understand ourselves (as we may recall in its predictions about us previously to the Spanish War), notes clearly this significance of McKinley's administration. "He was the first to recognize clearly," says one, "the necessity for the expansion of the United States. His period of office will always be famous as the epoch

in which the foundation of the American empire began." Another notes that "his last speech sounded the note of a commercial empire, with which his name will be associated. He was the first President to expound the imperial idea." This contemporaneous verdict is undeniably true. If he was not the first to recognize clearly the necessity of political expansion, he was the great factor in making it. Commercial expansion was a necessity, felt before political expansion was dreamed of. And it would come, and will come, because it is a fact of evolution. But President McKinley was great enough to recognize the supremacy of the opportunity that was his, and in his last speech he practically stood forward as a leader, taking the first step in the direction that must be taken to realize commercial empire.

In his other great administrative acts he showed wisdom, and, constantly, his quality of poise. He did well, perhaps, in the slowness with which he gave consistency to the movement for a sound currency. He did not go so fast as abler men than he desired, but looking back—as history will look back—it may, perhaps, be written of him, that he was the wiser; that he waited for the due time.

His management of the world crisis in China would shed lustre on the proudest ministry of constitutional government anywhere. He had the wisdom to have by his side a far-seeing statesman, and to gather around him able men; but he will be accredited, and justly, with the approval that gave a wonderful victory to our policy in China. Here was a situation that at any time had in it the possibilities of a world war. Throughout, he played our part so skilfully, so wisely, so firmly, that history will be likely to say that he not only won renown for his country, but that he really guided the West as against the East, and brought the older powers of Europe to his way. No pages in the annals of our history will shine brighter than those which record the achievements of the McKinley administration in the Spanish and in the Chinese War; and no pages will be more

momentous than those which record the acts of that administration in founding the American empire.

His individuality counted for more in this new epoch than that of any other of our Presidents, except Washington in the foundation period, and Lincoln in the great change that carried the country from slavery to freedom. More than any other man, he has launched the Republic on its new way. How wise the work was, contemporaneous inquiry may ask in vain; the future alone can answer. It may be that he has interpreted the will of the people, as Lincoln did. Whatever be the wisdom of the doctrine of the "saving remnant," our institutions are imbedded in the belief that all of the people are wiser than any of the people. William McKinley came from the people, and was of the people; he was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. He was part of their public life and affairs during forty years. Like Lincoln in the great crisis of the Civil War, he may have translated the real will of the people into action. History may show that, like Lincoln, he rode the ground swell in the face of surface waves. The people certainly believed in him, he had their confidence, and his life passed in their service. He had shown that quality which they always have chosen in their Presidents—poise. For this they have passed by brilliant men, from Clay to Blaine. In the midst of his supreme work, the people had an opportunity to pass judgment on it again. They restated it with increased emphasis.

History will surely trace the way of this people, through the momentous period, in which they have come to a consciousness of their power, and have asserted themselves in the world as an empire, like a strong onward march. They were not the subjects of cunningly contrived circumstances; they were neither coerced nor cajoled by an imperious personality, nor bewildered by the glamour of genius which a century ago led France into the wilderness. They had at this time a man of themselves; an

exemplar of all of the virtues that they extol; sprung from the sturdiest stock that founded liberty in this land; nurtured in the traditions that have made the land what it is; born and brought up in a life whose even tenor made it a very type of American life; illustrating the beauty of a home life as this people conceive it; assimilating the religious life of the people as part of his own; untroubled by any unwholesome ambitions, aspiring never, waiting always, having learned not merely the lesson to labor, but to wait. This man was part of the people as no President has been since Lincoln. He will be identified as closely with their aspirations and achievements and will occupy a most exalted place in being the instrument that gave expression to those aspirations and achievements.

Brooklyn Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

McKINLEY IN HISTORY.

The President of the United States, William McKinley, died this morning, from wounds inflicted by an assassin on the afternoon of September 6th, while the Chief Magistrate was the guest of thousands of citizens who were gathered to do to him honor.

The experience is the third of the kind through which the American people have passed. The first two were accountable by the penultimate frenzies of expiring war, in the one instance, and by the shock of a factional feud on a canting and crosscut mind, in the other instance.

The third instance is chargeable to causes in which the whole world realizes a common peril, feels a common shock, and shares a common responsibility. The prevalence and tolerance of false teaching concerning liberty, property, and government is the cause, in this latest instance, of the deed at which all stand aghast. In each of the three cases a brain equally weak, equally wicked, and equally vain was the pervert-instrument of evil forces and of evil men who sought to turn those forces to the

profit of their own hates or pockets. Sectional savagery culminated and ended in Lincoln's murder. Factional fury culminated and was exhausted in Garfield's murder. The wickedness of stimulating class hatreds, to win unfit votes for unfit men and to sell unfit papers in largest possible numbers, comes to its ultimate, let us hope, in McKinley's murder. There may be other political assassinations in America, but sectionalism, party rancor, and anarchy would be able to score no more to their credit. Recoil from the effect should carry in it cure of the cause.

There never was a gentler or finer man than the illustrious victim of influences that should henceforth be as forbidden as abhorrent here. Mr. McKinley was almost unique in his preparation for the Presidency. He rose from minor political service in his country to a membership of Congress for fourteen years, and to a governorship of his State for four years. He was the leader of the House when he ceased from Congress. He was the exponent of protection when it seemed the issue. He was named by his party for President, as its free choice, after he had twice refused to be its candidate, when the satisfaction of his ambition would have involved the suspicion of perfidy to pledges to other men. Service in the Congressional opposition and service with the Congressional majority fell to him for about an equal number of years. His service in the governorship coincided with the growth in national politics of the principle which he especially impersonated. The principle was protection—an emergent, temporary, exigent, incidental matter, meant alike wisely to slow yet surely eventually to accomplish the movement of the world toward freedom of trade.

The last public words of his were those in which he spoke of the loosening of tariffs and of far freer trade through reciprocity. His campaigns threw on him and on his party issues not made in the purposes or platforms which politicians foresaw or preferred. He owed his election, the first time, to a wholly different question from the one to which he owed his nomination

then. He owed his election, the second time, to causes which his first administration was never expected or created to shape or make or denote.

The good genius of America was only carrying on the progressive mission of America, with a new, a needed and an admirable agent. The party rancor which the personality of Washington stilled, and the elements of which he fused into unity for the solidarity and permanence of the infant Republic, fell to the lowest temperature of passion and rose to the highest expression of a common patriotism under William McKinley, attained by it in modern times. The issueless and stupid "era of good feeling" under Monroe is no more to be compared with the contemporary patriotism of peace than is sleep to be compared with life. The desire of Lincoln for a union of hearts and of hands, among brothers whom Civil War had set in conflict, was accomplished by William McKinley in his masterly management of the war to make the bounds of freedom larger yet than Lincoln foresaw or dreamed. The North and the South in Cuba and in Porto Rico, at Santiago and in the Philippines united under a single flag, in the making of a better America, the valor and genius they had shown against one another on fields of fratricide.

How greatly his nature as well as his experience assisted him all can see in the retrospect of his life. He had strong passions. He learned to master them. The ability was acquired in the school of sorrow and in service of love rendered to suffering. He was so devoted to his wife that her constant invalidism bred in him a self-control that nothing in politics or government could disestablish. In the sick room were learned and strengthened the self-poise, the patience, the silence, the fortitude, the serenity, and the spiritual refinement that made him, as Mr. Hoar said, the best-beloved of our Presidents.

He was not the most original or aggressive, but he was the most effective of Republican Presidents, since Lincoln. He did

things and he secured the doing of things. His reasons were outwrought into results. The chieftains of his party grounded their arms at his feet in life as sincerely and wholeheartedly as they mingled their tears round those feet in his death. But his singular success in influencing legislation, in guiding administration, and in persuading the people bred in him neither vanity nor self-confidence nor arrogance. He was modest, grateful, self-effacing, and almost diffident in his bearing. He rejoiced in truthful estimate of his motive. He disrelished fulsome tributes to his talents or skill. He loved the simplicities and the realities, home, music, song, friendship, fresh air, flowers, the sunlight, trees, sky, birds, and little children.

There must be no weakness in the recall of his virtues and of his deeds. As he drew from duty, country and opportunity, inspiration and capacity, so must America draw capacity and inspiration from his career. The word of God to the sons of men is Forward! The man who succeeds him in law and by the ordination of suffrage is, like McKinley, a soldier, a statesman, a patriot, an exemplar of religion, and a gentleman, experienced in varied fields of affairs. The record and the benediction of the man gone will abide with and influence the man who takes up his work. He is entitled to the confidence and co-operation of his countrymen. The hooded Providence which has ever protected and guided our people and which has never failed in its requisition of men for emergencies or of fit forces for fit functions has the nation in charge still. Theodore Roosevelt will be as obedient unto the heavenly vision of duty as William McKinley was, for each was born and each by events was made American to the core, and the American people not only carry in themselves the power to do the things the world needs to have done, but they also carry in them the power to make their Presidents equal to the doing of those things, in their name, as they are presented for estimate and for action in the ordinary or in the extraordinary occasions of our national life.

Ohio State Journal, Columbus, O.

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

A great calamity has befallen the American people. The black pall of a great sorrow covers the land. President McKinley is dead.

The courteous and beloved leader; the gentle and devoted husband; the great-souled, manly man, and the broad-minded and far-sighted statesman has succumbed to the assassin's foul attack and is no more.

In the presence of such a sorrow words fail and silent tears bespeak a loss too deep for words. It is inexpressibly sad. Here in his native State, whose honor has been spotless in his keeping and whose people have rejoiced in his greatness because they loved his strong and beautiful character, the blow falls with all the poignancy of personal bereavement.

The great loss is all the more terrible because it has brought an unspeakable disgrace upon the American people. Three times within a generation the noblest and the best of American Presidents have fallen by the hand of an assassin.

No other country in the world has such a black blot upon it in this respect as free America. Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley —three martyrs to liberty and nationality in less than forty years. Not even despotic, absolute Russia can show such a record. There is crushing humiliation in the fact.

Has it come that liberty cannot exist without license running riot? Must order-loving America, with all its freedom, its intelligence, and its abounding prosperity, admit reluctantly that its measure of liberty, in speech and press, has been too great?

Certainly the time has come when anarchy must be stamped out in America and immigration must be restricted more sharply. We have been too careless of the wild-eyed agitator spouting on the street corner; too tolerant also of the demagogue inciting

class against class for party and personal advantage. Serene in our confidence in American self-control, the mad rantings of anarchy and demagogy have been passed by as harmless vaporings.

This has been a mistake. We must realize that American cities have become cosmopolitan. In their congested centres are thousands who have no true appreciation of the meaning of liberty. Greater efforts at enlightenment in these districts must be made, and with them must be enforced a greater respect for law and higher regard for public office as it typifies the whole people.

Some means must be found also for the regulation of the incendiary yellow newspaper. Indirectly the vicious and senseless abuse of the President by rabid partisan sheets has been responsible for Czolgosz's awful crime. But of this more will be said later.

The martyred President will go down in history as one of the greatest and noblest men who has ever been honored by the American people with the highest office in their gift. His devotion to the people has never been surpassed. No other President ever sought more earnestly to learn true public sentiment than William McKinley, and none was ever guided more implicitly by it.

He believed in the people and they had faith in him. He regarded himself in the highest and best sense as their representative. History will place William McKinley beside Lincoln and Washington in high ability, in lofty character, and in farsighted statesmanship.

His five years as President have marked a great epoch in American history. Whatever may befall, the nation will go forward to the fulfilment of the policies which were formulated and successfully inaugurated by him.

The pity of it is that one so admirably fitted by all the graces of mind and person for the vast responsibility of the present

should not have been permitted to carry to its conclusion the great work he had begun.

The nation is fortunate, however, in having a man of the lofty type of Theodore Roosevelt to succeed William McKinley. He has come into the chief magistracy in a time of peace and prosperity, but with a great work and vast responsibility before him. He brings to it stalwart Americanism, thorough honesty of purpose, great ability, and a splendid record of strict fidelity to duty and the earnest fulfilment of every trust that the people have given him.

The honor, the prosperity, and the beloved institutions of the country are safe in his hands.

Tributes from Governors of States

State of Rhode Island, Etc., Executive Department,
Providence, September 28, 1901.

Like that of most of our greater Americans, the career of William McKinley was of the kind that it is popular to define as "typically American." Born in humble circumstances and even in his chosen path meeting with obstacles and discouragements, he rose to achieve the highest honor in the gift of the American people, an honor which we all feel is greater than any other nation can offer its citizens. The McKinley period is marked for history as an epoch in the progress of the American nation. Under the President's leadership, the United States assumed their rightful position as a world power, a position for which there had been uninterrupted preparation since the dawn of Independence. And it is an extraordinary tribute to our late President that none of the great strides that the nation has made from time to time was ever before taken with equal unanimity on the part of Congress and people. In a word, no President has ever expressed so closely in his important official acts the contemporary sentiment of his fellow-countrymen. In the office of President, McKinley was the personification of representative government, so intimately did he understand and so successfully did he execute the people's will. Of his personal character and private life no praise can speak too highly. Of his martyrdom, we may only echo his own dying words—"It is God's way."

William Gregory,
Governor State of Rhode Island.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, DES MOINES, IOWA,
September 26, 1901.

I think it is not extravagant to say that William McKinley passed from earth the personal friend of more people, and more generally beloved by those who knew him than any other person whose dwelling has been among men. Not alone throughout the length and breadth of the United States were business houses closed, office doors locked, street-cars and continental trains stopped at the solemn hours of his obsequies, but all Christendom seemed to tarry at his bier. The position which the honored dead held in the estimation of his countrymen and the world was not accidental. It was well earned by faithful service performed in many relations, and rendered under many and divergent conditions. As a citizen he was exemplary; as a soldier he was valiant; as a statesman the peer of the greatest; as a public servant, faithful; as a husband, ideal; as a Christian, commendable; and at all times and under all circumstances he was a gentleman. Wherever Christian civilization exists or shall be hereafter established, now and to all time, wives will recount his devotion as a husband, and parents tell the story of his life.

LESLIE M. SHAW,
Governor of Iowa.

STATE OF DELAWARE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
DOVER, DEL., September 26, 1901.

The earthly career of William McKinley is closed, but in the loving memory of his country it has just begun. He needs no special eulogy, his life as a soldier, statesman, and husband was conspicuous for bravery, high ability, and loving devotion —a nobleman by nature, by nature richly endowed. He was always great enough to do the right because he believed it was

right. Our great nation has never been blessed with a better administration than that of our lamented and martyred President.

JOHN HUME,
Governor of Delaware.

TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO, OFFICE OF THE EXECUTIVE,
SANTA FE, September 30, 1901.

The death of President McKinley is too recent and too shocking for anyone who has the ability and feeling to properly eulogize him in whom—

> "Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
> Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
> Alternately proclaim him good and great,
> And make the hero and the man complete."

For nearly forty years he has lived and moved in the fierce light that beats upon our public men and reveals the slightest flaw in motive or in character, and like the perfect gem this light brought out in him the latent beauties of his nature, which were his chiefest hold upon the people whom he knew and loved so well.

It was not his mastery of political science, his statecraft, or his wisdom that brought him closer to the people than anyone before him and made his untimely death felt as a personal grief to every home in our country; which stayed the wheels of commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific, and caused the telegraph to pause and the heart of this great nation to stand still for five solemn moments, while his sacred remains were sorrowfully entombed by loving hands on the green hillside near the little city which was his home.

It was the clear, honest, kindly Christian character of the *man* which the nation mourned, and it is this which will place

the name of William McKinley highest among those great of whom it can be said: "He loved his fellow-men."

He has passed from us in the prime and pride of life, just after he had uttered words of peace and good-will to all the world, at a festival in honor of the brotherhood of men and to exemplify the peaceful arts which have made the Americas great and one in purpose.

To us who mourn, it seems that his life work was scarce begun, there is so much to do, and he who is gone appeared to us the best equipped for its doing. But to Him who doeth all things well, it was otherwise. His time had come and found him fully ready. His first thought was for that loved wife whom he had shielded and protected so long, his next was forgiveness to the unhappy man who had slain him, and his last, complete resignation to the will of God. His, a model life, a Christian death. The whole world mourns.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,"
We "shall not look upon his like again."

MIGUEL A. OTERO,
Governor.

STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SALEM, September 30, 1901.

For nearly twenty years the name of William McKinley had been a familiar one to the reading public of the United States. The degree of industry and ability it requires to become prominent in the national House of Representatives may be understood when it is remembered that of the three hundred and fifty members of that body, not more than fifty, perhaps, in any one house succeed in making a reputation reaching beyond their immediate districts or States, but so pronounced were McKinley's acquirements that before he had finished his second term he had attracted national attention. He soon became one

of the recognized leaders of his party, and, therefore, a man to be watched by his political opponents. By untiring industry and close application he became, in 1889, a candidate for speaker against Honorable Thomas B. Reed, the defeat for which position made him, eventually, President of the United States. He told the writer of these lines, in October, 1899, that he had never, before or since, been so anxious for success as during that campaign for the speakership, but added that if he had been elected "I should to-day probably be a member of Congress from Ohio."

The exceeding popularity which clusters around his name to-day has naught to do with the fact that he has been numbered with our martyred Presidents. At no time in his public career had he occupied so warm a spot in the hearts of all classes of his countrymen as during the past year. He had been tried in the exacting experiences of the public service and had not been found wanting. Coming to the Presidency at a time of profound peace, without a cloud to mar the political horizon in any quarter, within less than one year complications arose which led to a war with a foreign government, and which not only changed the policies and geography of the world, but left a train of international questions of varied and complex character. To the settlement of these, in a satisfactory manner, President McKinley addressed himself, with that determination which was always characteristic of him, and the day of his death found us at perfect peace with every nation on earth, the greatest power in the world, and prosperous beyond any former period in our history.

No one of our Presidents has been subjected to so great a test of statesmanship, save Lincoln, as that which confronted McKinley at the beginning of the Spanish War. The destruction of the battleship Maine burst upon the country like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and, considering it as an act of Spanish treachery, the American people unanimously demanded the

immediate declaration of war, and while the President knew that we had neither ships, ammunition, nor guns, and that a declaration of war before we were able to support it by force would be suicidal, he was compelled to endure the impatience and complaints of the people without fully explaining to them the actual reason for the delay. Few Presidents have ever gone through the trying ordeal that was William McKinley's during the time intervening between the destruction of the Maine and the declaration of war against Spain, in his effort to stay the hand of Congress until preparation was made to insure that magnificent victory which was afterward ours, and no greater tribute was ever paid to any President than when Congress, by the unanimous vote of both Houses, voted the sum of $50,000,000 for the prosecution of the war, to be expended by him wholly at his discretion.

No man could have been taken from public life at this time who would be so greatly missed as he. We shall see him no more, nor hear his kindly voice exhorting the people to still loftier heights of morality and patriotism. His life may be said to have been a consecrated devotion to the care of his afflicted wife and to what he thought were the best interests of the country he loved so well. He will always stand in history, as he does to-day in the hearts of his countrymen, as a model product of American manhood, and to whose example any mother in the land can point her son and advise him to follow after. More than this cannot be said of any man. His continually growing popularity only reached its summit on the day of his death. The common people of the country have lost an untiring friend, and the spirit of good government an able advocate and unfaltering devotee.

No greater eulogy has been uttered anywhere in this broad land than when one of our own writers said, "No act of William McKinley has ever dishonored those little graves in the Canton cemetery, or cast a shadow across the life now so strangely

called to survive him," and, although his mortal remains are resting beneath the sod of the beautiful eminence overlooking his beloved Ohio home, by the side of his little children whose departure to the unseen world so many years ago has no doubt been a continually contributing factor in the construction of his most admirable character, he has left an impress for good upon his country's history that is not surpassed by any of his illustrious predecessors.

J. J. GEER,
Governor of the State of Oregon.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, W. VA., September 30, 1901.

The awful crime of Friday, September 6th, which culminated in the death of our beloved President, produced in no State or section of our country more profound and universal sorrow and grief than among the citizens of West Virginia. Our people knew McKinley as neighbor, friend, and comrade; his face and voice were familiar to many thousands of our residents; he was universally loved as a man and trusted and respected as our Chief Executive. Nowhere were the tributes of sorrow and respect more general and sincere, and on the day of the funeral memorial services were held in every city, town, and village of our Commonwealth.

A grand, good, pure, able, and safe leader of the people has fallen by a dastard's deed; struck down in the zenith of his career, when his successful leadership had placed our country at the head of the nations of the world; when peace and prosperity had poured their blessings in unexampled degree upon our land, and when our future as a people was the brightest. Truly, God moves in a mysterious way. Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley—martyrs to their country—a noble triumvirate. But O! the pity of their killing and the deep humiliation and sense

of shame which tinge our sorrow. It may truly be said that, while Lincoln saved the Union, McKinley united it.

McKinley's life was one of earnest endeavor. His public record is a glorious one of high resolve and noble achievement. His life is an inspiration to the youth of our land in its example of hard work, conscientiously and courageously done. He won every step of his advancement on his merits. His fame as a patriot, statesman, and great leader is secure for all time.

He lived a noble life and died a Christian. In nothing was he greater than at the time he was shot and in his last conscious hours. His life as a consistent, loving, Christian man, and his beautiful and trusting faith, as his feet entered in the valley of the shadow of death, are a benediction to the nation as well as an inspiration to millions of his fellow-men to higher and better living.

Let me close this imperfect and brief tribute to one whom I knew and loved as a personal friend, whose devoted follower I was for many years, with the tender, eloquent, and gracious words which the editor of the *Nashville American* used in commenting to his readers on the death of our most universally beloved and martyred President:

"Gracious and gentle and charitable was William McKinley. There was never in public life a cleaner, more moral, upright personal character. A patriot who had in peace and in war served his country with the best of his ability, which grew greater with years; having sincere love for it and faith and confidence in its institutions, its integrity and stability and its future, as he had love for its past; a Christian, modest, devout, and courageous; a husband whose abiding love and tender devotion have made him one of the sublimest lovers in history, and won for him the admiration of all who love a lover; a friend whose warm and generous friendship drew men to him in loving loyalty; a man whose genial nature and disposition, gracious manner, gentle courtesy, and unfailing kindness won the

respect and esteem and personal friendship of all who came in contact with him—such was President McKinley whose gentle soul has taken flight to the great hereafter."

A. B. White,
Governor.

State of Maine, Executive Department,
Augusta, September 27, 1901.

In the death of McKinley the nation meets a loss which no man can measure in this first hour of grief. Coming as it does in the wake of assuring news presaging the executive's recovery, the blow is the harder to bear. The time is not yet ripe to accord President McKinley his final place in the world's Hall of Fame. Years must pass before historians settle those matters, but a world that has watched the great leader as he has worked at the multitudinous problems of an eventful administration will accord him a place among the highest.

As a President he will be classed with Washington and Lincoln—wise, watchful, and ever kindly, standing for that which was broadest and highest in the onward and upward growth of the world. To the field of international affairs he lent himself with wonderful aptitude, and into diplomacy he infused a new force and placed the United States of America on equal terms with the other nations of the earth. The diplomatic policy of McKinley was always for the right, regardless of national self-advancement, forgetting never the rights of the unfortunate, and maintaining ever the triumph of right over might.

His administration has been typical of the spirit of protection, and under his guiding mind and hand the nation has enjoyed the greatest period of prosperity ever known. But his death will not change this in the slightest degree, for the country will move on in the ways of prosperity, and there will be no overturn in the business world. But it is sad, indeed, that

this life should be taken just on the eve of the nation's greatest development. It does not seem right that he should be denied the pleasure and the well-earned satisfaction of seeing his plans brought to fruition.

In President Roosevelt I have every confidence—in his integrity, his patriotism, and his ability. He will take up the work so felicitously begun by McKinley, and with sure hand and keen grasp of affairs will see that the nation takes no backward step in the march of progress.

But in my grief and sorrow there is a touch of shame that such a thing could happen in this great free country of ours—in a time of peace when people were met together for good-will and harmony. I hate to think that there are men so perverted and lost to all good impulses that within a generation three Presidents of this Republic fall before the hand of the assassin.

JOHN FREMONT HILL,
Governor.

TERRITORY OF OKLAHOMA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
GUTHRIE, September 28, 1901.

I first knew President McKinley when he made his first race for Congress. My home was at Alliance, and I cast my first ballot for Congressman for him that year, and at the election of 1878 and also of 1880 it was my privilege to vote for McKinley for Congress. I was attracted by his high and lofty spirit, clean character, and genial manner, and formed the impression then that he possessed exceptional qualities that would in time place him in the highest place in the gift of the American people.

After removing to the West I watched his career with keenest interest, and was never disappointed in what I expected him to do. His devotion to the interest of American labor stands out as a characteristic of his life-work, and his methods of deal-

ing with his fellow-men were so graceful that they misled some but captivated all.

As we saw him in life from day to day, associated with other men, we admired his great qualities and marked his successes. He passed before us as a sort of moving picture, his different acts appearing before us at different times, and we did not realize until now, when his life-work is completed and we view his character and his great qualities as a whole, what manner of man he was. While he lived we could not make comparisons with the great men who have preceded him. We now have the right, and it becomes our duty to compare him with the others who have attracted our love and admiration on account of their great qualities and great work for their fellow-men and for their country, and when we review anew the lives of the great Americans who stand out in our history as the greatest with a view of making an estimate of McKinley, I am forced to conclude that none were greater than he, and I believe that when the American people fully understand themselves they will find that McKinley comes nearer up to the standard of an ideal American citizen than any of his predecessors.

WILLIAM M. JENKINS,
Governor.

THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, STATE HOUSE,
COLUMBUS, O.

To the People of Ohio:

With great sorrow I announce to you that William McKinley, President of the United States, is dead.

His whole life was dedicated to patriotic public service. As a boy he was a brave and loyal soldier of the Union. Fourteen years in the Congress of the United States were marked in the framing and advocacy by him of laws most wise and beneficial to the country. During four years as Governor of Ohio he

earned and received our love and affection. It was, however, as President of the United States that his devotion to his country showed in its greatest brilliancy and his very eminent ability became most marked. His work as the nation's Chief Executive was of such a character that it will live and bless the Republic for all time, and will be his most enduring monument. His never-ceasing kindness and affection to an invalid wife have endeared him to every man, woman, and child in our land.

Your hearts are filled with intense grief. I ask you to manifest this by displaying upon your homes and places of business the usual evidences of mourning, and upon the day of his funeral by honoring his memory in every possible appropriate manner. Pray also that God may shield our beloved and stricken country from harm on account of this great affliction and ever keep us in His gracious care. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto affixed my name and the great seal of the State of Ohio, this 14th day of September, A.D. 1901.

(Signed) GEORGE K. NASH.

By the Governor:

LEWIS C. LAYLIN,

Secretary of State.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

ST. PAUL, September 30, 1901.

Never before in all human history has the death of a man been so deeply and universally mourned as that of William McKinley. Why was it? Not only because he was great, but because he was good. He loved the plain people, and everyone of them felt that he had lost a dear friend. It is difficult to state what most endeared him to the people. Whether the leading of the nation from the deepest gloom to the greatest prosperity; or, the successful prosecution of the Spanish-American

War that freed Cuba, made us a world power, and added much territory and millions of people to our domains; or the uniting of the North and the South, not in name only, but in fact. His untimely death was nowhere more sincerely regretted than in the Southland. Perhaps, after all, he was loved as much for his tender devotion to his sick wife. No armored knight of olden times was more gallant to his lady-love than he to the mistress of his heart. The beautiful picture of this man in San Francisco beside the idol of his home when the populace was demanding his attention can never be forgotten. Unconsciously, perhaps, yet I believe on account of this illustrious example, all men are more tender of the dear ones at home.

McKinley's life typifies in a pre-eminent degree the possibilities of the American youth. From private soldier to President—and such a President! He was a soldier with an untarnished record, a citizen without reproach, and one of America's greatest statesmen.

S. R. Van Sant,
Governor State of Minnesota.

State of Michigan, Executive Department,
Lansing, Mich.

A PROCLAMATION.

To the People of the State of Michigan:

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, lies dead at Buffalo, the third Chief Executive of the Union to be stricken by the bloody hands of assassination. The nation bows in agonized grief at the side of his bier, where the world is sending tributes of praise for the manly man, the far-sighted statesman, the devoted patriot, the gallant soldier, the model husband, and tender father. His life was the exemplification of the cardinal virtues of Christian integrity, nobility of character, and devotion to duty, and was an inspiration to all

true Americans. History will write for him one of her brightest and most glorious pages. As he was beloved, so will his death be deplored. In the light of his martyrdom vanishes all striving. Death has silenced the mighty brain and stilled the warm heart in the very hour when the nation's needs are greatest. He had piloted the country through perils the darkest since the days of Civil War, to the time of outlining the wise policies which the nation must pursue in its career as a world-wide power. Even as he was called to death, the people were yet drinking in eagerly the words of his last public address wherein he pointed out with prophetic vision the path his country must tread, the path of duty and stern responsibility. God will pardon the people if they cannot see clearly and accept only blindly the President's dying words, "It is God's way. His will be done." The years he has been at the head of the nation have been years great with momentous events; a war in the cause of humanity has healed the wounds of civil strife, and planted the stars and stripes on the mountain tops where all the world may see. The people are to be congratulated that the law of succession places the Presidency in the hands of a man who has been tested in the furnace-heat of national requirements and not a flaw detected. May God's richest blessings rest upon Theodore Roosevelt in the great office to which he has been called.

In testimony of the grief of the people of the State of Michigan it is directed that the Capitol be draped in mourning, and that the flags upon all State buildings be displayed at half-mast until after the interment; that on the day of the funeral all departments of the State Government be closed and all business as far as practicable be suspended. Let there be special services in the schools and all places of worship on that day, and the day, a day of supplication to Almighty God that He may in the future as in the past guide His people, protecting and prospering them. It is recommended that to-morrow every pul-

pit call upon the Divine Father that He comfort the widow of the President and the people who mourn. Let the flag of the nation everywhere within the commonwealth be at half-mast, for the nation's chief is dead.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, at Lansing, this fourteenth day of September, A.D. 1901, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred Twenty-sixth.

(Signed) A. T. BLISS,
Governor.

By the Governor:
FRED M. WARNER,
Secretary of State.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, October 4, 1901.

The death of President McKinley, particularly in the form in which it occurred, was a great shock to the entire country. He was a good and great man. He earnestly strove to be a President of the entire country, and it was his good fortune to be President at a time when a foreign war enabled him to show to the people of the South that the bitterness of the "War Between the States" had passed away. He was a just and generous man, and the people of the South without exception will always do honor to his memory. If to have been an instrument in bringing the people of the entire country into perfect accord brings happiness, then surely President McKinley was happy both in his life and in his death. He enjoyed the confidence of the American people as few men have ever done, and he died with the affection of them all surrounding him. To live in the esteem of the American people, to die with their love come to few men. Let us hope that the inspiration of his life and his

patient fortitude in death and his firm reliance upon God may forever be to the people of this country sacred things inspiring them to better living and higher purposes.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES B. AYCOCK,
Governor of North Carolina.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
LINCOLN, NEB., September 27, 1901.

William McKinley represented the purest and noblest type of American manhood. Rarely, if ever, has nature combined so many noble traits in one individual with every part perfect. He was a dutiful son, a devoted husband, a patriotic citizen, a brave soldier, and a master of statesmanship. From his boyhood to the close of his life, his days were distinguished for purity, love, and patriotism. Though occupying a conspicuous position in public life, crowning his career with the most exalted testimonial of public esteem and confidence at the bestowal of the people of any nation, he was still the humble citizen, still solicitous of the welfare of all his fellow-men. Human history affords no other character-study like that embodied in the life of President McKinley. It is emblazoned and embellished with attributes representing the highest human ideals. No architect of character has yet furnished a model like it. The most careful scrutiny reveals no imperfection.

His life is a study for the youth of the nation and for mankind everywhere. It is an example whose emulation must necessarily ripen into higher and nobler citizenship. He lived a life of spotless honor, and, though a martyr, yielded sublimely, in prayerful obedience to the inevitable summons.

America, though young in years, has furnished the world with many splendid types of manhood, but among the types of

all the world, the one which rises highest and which has made the greatest impression on human minds everywhere, is that of William McKinley. In point of practical statesmanship President McKinley's achievements stand without a parallel. The groundwork of the prevailing era of unprecedented prosperity was laid very early during his first term, and that, too, in face of the fact that at the time he assumed the reins of government the industrial and commercial interests of the nation were in the throes of a distressful panic. The statesmanship displayed in accomplishing the change from an era of industrial and commercial depression to one of boundless prosperity knows no equal in the history of human affairs. Looked at from every viewpoint, William McKinley must be regarded as nature's greatest human effort in the period of his years.

EZRA P. SAVAGE,
Governor of Nebraska.

THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

At this time it is not practicable for me to give a just and comprehensive estimate of the character of President McKinley.

My personal relations with him, for now nearly twenty years, have been so cordial that I feel his loss most keenly. I made his acquaintance at the National Capital in 1883, and the friendship established then has been strengthened with the passing years. Differing with him upon many public questions, I have never failed to recognize his honesty, sincerity, patriotism, and marked ability.

The President always maintained his convictions with courtesy and courage unfailing. In Congress he was a ready debater and a resourceful legislator. It mattered not how sharp and keen the contest may have been along partisan lines, he was always a courteous gentleman.

His private life was pure and stainless. The devotion to his invalid wife was so constant and so gentle that it won the esteem of all who had knowledge of his domestic relations. This beautiful trait of his well-poised character was the occasion of much favorable comment at Washington long before his name was mentioned in connection with the Presidency.

As President he has been broad-minded, patriotic, and considerate of the opinions of those who differed with him.

It should be remembered that Mr. McKinley was the most potent personality in destroying the last lingering embers of sectional hatred. His conduct during the Spanish-American War disarmed opposition, and he won the affection of the South, when, out of a heart abundant in love, he declared that Southern cemeteries, where lie the ashes of the Confederate dead, should hereafter receive the same generous care from the National Government as the cemeteries in which rest the sleeping dust of the Union dead. In my opinion President McKinley accomplished more to entomb sectionalism forever than any President who has been elected by the Republican Party since the days of Abraham Lincoln.

It was a cruel, wanton shot which struck him down, but he passes to the other shore amid the sobs, the sighs, and the tears of the whole people, and in no part of the Republic is grief more sincere than among the people of the South.

The President proved to be a great leader of his party. He was honest, able, resourceful, and exhibited consummate tact in harmonizing and unifying the powerful forces of that great organization. At this time, however, I do not care to think of him in connection with partisan questions. I prefer to remember him as I knew him in the quiet social circle—a charming personality, a true friend, with a heart big enough to embrace every American, and a hand that was ever outstretched to help the friendless and the needy.

A. M. Dockery,
Governor State of Missouri.

October 10, 1901.

The earthly career of William McKinley is closed; in the loving memory of his country it has only begun. He needs no special eulogy, his life will be one of the brightest pages in our country's history. As a soldier, statesman, and husband he was conspicuous for true courage, high ability, and loving devotion; he was one of the best executives our great nation ever had, at all times having the strength and courage to do right because it was right. We admit our eyes are dim, and our faith slow, but great indeed must be the resulting good to compensate for the sacrifice demanded in his death. We can only bow to the yoke and pass under the rod. We are talking of monuments to his memory; he needs none, because, while living, he builded in the hearts of his people the foundation of the greatest monument possible to erect, one that will grow for generations as his wonderful life and ability grow in appreciation by the nation he so loved, and who twice gave him their confidence and trust. What monument can man build of stone to compare with the loving trust and sacred remembrance of 70,000,000 free people? William McKinley was one of Nature's noblemen, and by her richly endowed.

JOHN HUME,
Governor of Delaware.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OLYMPIA, September 30, 1901.

President McKinley was an eminent man, who attained prominence by reason of marked abilities, both native and acquired. In all the relations of life he was exemplary. A model to be followed. As President of the United States, he conducted the nation through the Spanish War with great skill. I think no man in his position could have been more successful. And yet, with all his abilities and attainments, it may be said of him

that nothing in his life honored him so much as his conduct at the time of his most lamentable taking off. At the time of the assassination, in all the crowd that surrounded him, his was the only calm and dignified presence maintained. His command, "Let no man hurt him," was Christ-like and passed the ordinary nature of man. When President Jackson was attacked by a would-be murderer, on leaving the hall of the House of Representatives, the doughty old general struck viciously at his assailant with his cane. Jackson's attitude was proper enough and right enough from the human standpoint, but McKinley, under like circumstances, ascended to a vastly higher plane. And for this, and in consequence of it, he incited the universal admiration of the world. This will cause him to be remembered when all else in connection with his career has been forgotten.

JOHN R. ROGERS,
Governor of Washington.

TAHLEQUAH, INDIAN TER.

PROCLAMATION.

The life of President McKinley has been taken. In his death the Cherokees, too, sustain a loss equal to that of other loyal citizens of the United States. Such a calamity bows us down in grief.

Let us show our sorrow because he died such a death, and express our admiration for a life deserving commendation. His exemplary Christian and domestic career should be copied and imitated in every home in the land, and his persistent effort to do some good for mankind should meet with approval from the very depth of every heart.

Now, therefore, I, T. M. Buffington, Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation, do designate Thursday next, September 19th, the day on which the body of the President will be interred in

its final worldly tabernacle, as a day of prayer in this nation. I fervently advise that all the people throughout the Cherokee Nation congregate in places of worship and there hold suitable religious services in honor and in memory of a President whose life should be exemplified, and whose death grieves all good people.

In witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and cause the seal of the Cherokee Nation to be affixed at Tahlequah, Indian Territory, on this the 17th day of September, A.D. 1901.

T. M. BUFFINGTON,
Principal Chief of Cherokee Nation.

By the Principal Chief:
J. T. PARKS,
Executive Secretary.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, HELENA, MONT.

So much has been said and written in eulogy of the life of President McKinley that I cannot hope to add anything to that splendid monument which the press, the pulpit, and the people have with one accord so conscientiously and lovingly erected to his memory.

It was my good fortune to know him personally, and, above all else, I appreciated the soundness of his integrity, the purity of his morals, the amiableness of his urbanity, the graces of his modesty, and, generally, the decorations and amenities of his life.

To my mind no President since the Revolution has been confronted with problems more complex or weighty than those which have pressed themselves upon him for consideration and decision.

In a government composed of many parties reflecting all shades of political opinion, it would be remarkable if his statesmanship should go unchallenged; but upon the sincerity of his purposes, the integrity of his motives, and the uprightness of his

conduct as citizen, soldier, and official, there can be but one opinion, and that places him high upon the roll of exemplars worthy of all emulation.

These indispensable qualities, so fully exemplified in his life, are the fortresses behind which 70,000,000 people, devoted to the Constitution and the laws, stand in solid phalanx, and, whether pitying or defying, the stupid assassin in his vain attempt to overthrow government, are instinct with the patriotic sentiment of the poet who exclaimed:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hope of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!"

J. K. Toole,
Governor of Montana.

Denver, Col., September 15, 1901.

Our departed President has shown, in his intercourse with the people and his devotion to his invalid wife, the heart and mind of a man fully endowed with a Christian and a charitable spirit. We have lost a noble and a great ruler. What this country owes to him in his wise management of the governmental affairs of the nation can never be realized by this generation. His works are of the kind that endure.

James B. Orman,
Governor State of Colorado.

HARTFORD, CONN., September 15, 1901.

It is hardly within the power of language to measure the loss to the nation or the feeling of sorrow and indignation that now fills the heart of every American worthy of the name. Such cowardly murders ought never to be possible, and if the President cannot appear in public without danger of assassination, he should be absolutely protected against such danger. The civilized nations might well consider the propriety of securing an island where all persons of lawless and anarchistic tendencies could be deported without hope of escape, there to apply to each other without restraint their notions of social bliss.

Anyone acquainted with President Roosevelt knows that he will meet the grave responsibilities now facing him with a courage and honesty of purpose excelled by no man, and that nothing will be done to shake the masterly, merciful, and wise policy of his illustrious and beloved predecessor. But the dominant desire of all sane people now is to have the assassination of Presidents prevented in the future, and the insane disciples of Cain now at large mercifully imprisoned or restricted to their own society.

GEORGE P. McLEAN,
Governor.

LINCOLN, NEB., September 14, 1901.

The spectacle at Buffalo is both pathetic and impressive. In the presence of this awful crime, organized society, sensitive of right and wrong, is exhausting every means within its power to maintain the majesty of the law. The assassin of President McKinley is in jail, and a cordon of police and two companies of militia are there to see that he is not harmed, or the law transgressed. Is this not an impressive lesson to those who preach the doctrine of redressing grievances through the medium of rapine and murder?

EZRA P. SAVAGE,
Lieutenant Governor.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., September 14, 1901.

Governor Dockery, in issuing his proclamation to-day, requested that, as a tribute of respect to the memory of our late President on the day set apart for his funeral all public offices be closed; that the people refrain from their ordinary avocations and assemble at their usual place of worship to ask that the blessings of Almighty God abide with our beloved Republic. He said:

"The assassin's bullet has accomplished its murderous mission. After a courageous, but unavailing life struggle our President has passed through the valley into the great hereafter. The national sorrow is so overwhelming that language is utterly impotent to express its abhorrence of the awful tragedy enacted at Buffalo. The shot that laid President McKinley low was aimed at our Government. A new danger menaces our free institutions, but the American people will meet it with the same courage and fidelity that have hitherto enabled them to master grave problems."

O. P. GENTRY,
Secretary to the Governor.

BATON ROUGE, LA., September 15, 1901.

It is with profound sorrow that I have learned of the death of the President. The South has lost a friend and the country a great and good man. No President since the Civil War has done more to destroy the feeling resulting from that strife and unite the two sections in cordial friendship. He had great faith and confidence in the masses of the people, and it is dreadful to contemplate that he should lose his life while exhibiting that confidence by mingling with the people. His home life was beautiful, and his devotion to his invalid wife won for him the affectionate regard of all good people.

W. W. HEARD.

SALEM, ORE., September 15, 1901.

The people of Oregon feel that they have sustained a personal loss in the tragic death of President McKinley. It is a costly sacrifice to make, but the compensation will be in the awakened determination of the American people to proceed under a new impulse, born of the great national loss, to enact legislation which will make it a crime either to advocate the doctrine of anarchy or to express sympathy with those who do. We have dallied with this matter too long already, and to further trifle with it will be suicidal. The only way to prevent the further spread of this poison through our governmental system is to prevent it. The entire State of Oregon is in mourning today, but its people have an abiding faith in the wisdom, integrity, and ability of the incoming Chief Executive.

T. T. GEER.

HELENA, MONT., September 15, 1901.

Montana mourns the President's untimely death, and will unite with her sister States in all lawful efforts to wipe out the festering remnant that inspired the insensate assassin to his awful deed.

J. K. TOOLE.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., September 15, 1901.

State flag at half-mast; national salute now being fired from Capitol hill. Alabama mourns the loss of our country's great chieftain.

JOHN W. A. SANFORD.

FRANKFORT, KY., September 14, 1901.

The death of President McKinley is a terrible shock to every American citizen, and nowhere is it more sincerely mourned than in Kentucky. He was a great and good man. His private life was pure and stainless and worthy of the emulation of any man. His public life, even to those who, like myself, differed from him in politics, was a model of patriotism and statesmanship. Big-hearted and broad-minded, he never showed any of that bitterness and prejudice usually engendered by sectional warfare or political contests, and to-day, regardless of politics or religious creed, in the South as well as in the North, in the West as well as in the East, the heart of every good American citizen is bowed deep with grief over the death of our honored and beloved President.

Especially do we sympathize with his noble wife, to whom his devotion was so loyal and beautiful. His death teaches us, too, that the most effective measures should be taken to stamp out the disease that caused it—anarchy. National and State legislation should be sufficiently strong to make it impossible for such a pest to exist on American soil, and those who teach assassination and the destruction of government should be treated as public enemies.

J. C. W. BECKHAM.

CARSON, NEV., September 14, 1901.

Nevada joins with the people of the United States in their deep sorrow for the loss of a great and good man, exalted in public life, unblemished in example before the world, actuated by unselfish sympathy for his fellow-man, and, above all, reflecting the highest devotion and love in the sacred precincts of domestic and social life.

REINHOLD SADLER.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

DES MOINES, IOWA, September 15, 1901.

For the third time this nation stands breathless, weeping, and appalled at the bier of its Chief Executive. The blow struck at the life of the President wounded all hearts, but the sadness caused by his death is not greater than the remorse that such things are possible with a people who acknowledge no permanent national ruler but law and with whom justice, according to law, is a cardinal principle. The life that has thus gone out through violence will be the subject of many encomiums and volumes of well-merited praise. These four and a half years, during which William McKinley occupied the chair of the Chief Executive, will ever be an inspiration to those who shall succeed him. To the record of these years statesman, scholar, and political economist will turn for helpful suggestions. To the brave soldier, the devoted husband, the wise statesman, the just and liberty-loving Chief Executive, as well as to the ideal gentleman, parents will long direct their children. To the heroic yet calm, serene, and peaceful sufferer the Christian Church will ever revert for proof of what faith in God through Christ can do for a man in high as well as in low estate. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" will be sung with gentler accent because whispered with latest breath by one who was well-nigh the idol of 80,000,000 people.

I add an incident illustrative of the kind heart and unselfish interest in those about him ever manifested in this life. During a trip across Iowa a crowd had gathered as usual at the rear of the platform, and many hands were extended that they might touch his, whose was a benediction. Among the number was a woman somewhat past the prime of life. Those who saw her needed not to be told that she had been a burden-bearer. Her clothes were plain, her figure bent, and her face bore deeply printed lines of care. I shall not soon forget that expression of admiration, almost adoration, as she looked, evidently for the

first time, into the face of her President; nor shall I ever forget the kindly response as he reached past several strong and well-dressed men to take her hand, and then, instantly removing a carnation from the lapel of his coat, he slipped it to her withered hand just as the train moved out. Of course, the crowd responded; not so much that a flower had been presented to a careworn woman as in recognition of the self-forgetfulness and the ever-present thought and care for others which so characterized the man McKinley.

LESLIE M. SHAW.

SALT LAKE, UTAH, September 15, 1901.

William McKinley was the ideal President of our country. The economic policies with which his name is indissolubly associated have been vindicated by a splendor of commercial achievements unparalleled in the history of the world. His conduct of the Spanish-American War developed conservative strength, dignity, and humaneness beyond the power of words to express. The example of his domestic life, so pure and upright, is a priceless heritage to the homes of our people. All in all, he was a valiant soldier, a wise statesman, a lovable man. His fame is secure in the hearts of his countrymen. His name will be forever spoken by them in conjunction with Washington and Lincoln.

HEBER M. WELLS.

CHEYENNE, WYO., September 14, 1901.

The citizens of Wyoming consider President McKinley's untimely death not only a national misfortune, but one personal to themselves as individuals. No President of the United States before, I believe, has been loved and respected by so many of his fellow-citizens as Mr. McKinley.

DE FOREST RICHARDS.

LANSING, MICH., September 15, 1901.

History will write for President McKinley one of its brightest pages. His life was the exemplification of the cardinal virtues of Christian integrity, nobility of character, and devotion to duty, and was inspiration to all true Americans. Even as he was called to death the people were yet drinking in eagerly the words of his last public address, wherein he pointed out with prophetic vision the path his country must tread, the path of duty and stern responsibility. AARON T. BLISS.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., September 19, 1901.

President McKinley often spoke of Virginia as the mother of his State, and as the bosom of the daughter is opened to receive his body to-day, we would have the world to know that Virginians are gathered here in this historic hall to give expression to their sorrow and to do honor to his name.

He was my friend and the friend of my people. His courtesy and kindness and his desire to help Virginia will not be forgotten. He was a man without bitterness, whose life was crowned by his effort to abolish sectional lines, and whose death cements the completion of his cherished work.

Rarely has a country been called to mourn the loss of a chieftain so well beloved.

"His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This is a man!"

A gallant soldier, he was magnanimous to those less favored by fortune. A man, noble, courteous, and brave. A husband, gentle, tender, and true. A Christian, childlike, and devout and

even in the gathering shadows of death his faith was steadfast and knew no wavering. Cut off at the zenith of his glory; shot down while the approving plaudits of multitudes were ringing in his ears; he had no words save those of acquiescence in the divine decree, and hushed the moans of anguish in the prayer of "Not my will but Thine be done." The scenes around his deathbed are ineffaceable: Turning a longing look at the trees waving around his window, as if sighing for their shade once more, he murmured: "Oh, how beautiful," and with the glorious light of an immortal life resplendent on his brow, he said to her to whom he had given a wealth of love and tenderness: "It's God's way. Good-by, good-by." Immortal words that will resound around the world and echo in every clime, inspiring Christian hearts to perfect faith. His life was the life of a patriot, his death was the death of a saint.

While our grief is made more poignant when we recall those qualities of mind and heart with which William McKinley was endowed, and remember those gentle attributes which ever characterized him, there is something more than a personal tribute in these widespread manifestations of sorrow. In the tears of the people are the seeds of the nation's strength. Behold, what hath a generation wrought. The sable drapery which hangs around the stately columns of this old building, that once echoed with the noise of war, now hushed in sadness; the solemn toll of the bells in this, the capital city of the Confederacy—bells that once sounded battle alarms now pealing forth their notes of sorrow; the once angry growl of the cannon, now the melancholy moan of the funeral gun are alike emblems of sorrow for a fallen chieftain, and tributes to the enduring strength of the Union.

William McKinley was the agent chosen by Providence to knit up the few strands of strife that remained from that great struggle in which he had borne such a noble part. How well he discharged his duty, and how fully he accomplished his work,

is evidenced by the people of every section clasping hands across his bier and mingling their tears around his tomb, while their voices join in requiems at his grave.

The greatest honor paid to his memory is in the bowed heads and grief-stricken hearts of the old Confederates, assembled here amid the ruins of their hopes, while with unfeigned sorrow they mourn the loss of that illustrious man who was President of all the people. Yes, his cherished ambition was to bring the people of every section into closer fellowship and union, and with generous hand he reached out to the men of the South and made them feel that in the great office of President partisan strife was forgotten. The country has lost a beloved President, the South a true and loyal friend.

J. Hoge Tyler,
Governor.

State of Kansas, Executive Department,
Governor's Office.

The future alone will accord to President McKinley his proper place in history. But if his place is fixed by his successes, he will hold a position as one of the greatest men of the time in which he lived. He was the foremost champion of protection, and lived to see that policy crystallized into law and his fondest hopes realized in an era of prosperity the greatest the country had ever known. He was in hearty accord with his party's position on the question of sound money, and saw the vast business of the country firmly established upon that basis. He believed in extending the principles of popular free government to other countries, and was the most potent agency in establishing these principles in Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

During his administration, under his wise and conservative leadership, prosperity came to the people and power to the nation, exceeding the hopes of the most sanguine of his contemporaries. These results were largely due to his splendid execu-

tive ability and his able management of public affairs. He had a large grasp of public questions, great faith in the country's future, was honest in public and pure in private life, and will take rank with the greatest of Americans.

W. E. Stanley.

State of Colorado, Executive Chamber,
Denver, October 8, 1901.

Our late President, William McKinley, was a true man in every sense of the word. He was beloved by all people, irrespective of party affiliations, for his kindly Christian character, his charity for all, and for the courageous, yet gentle manner in which he managed the governmental affairs of the nation.

The way in which he solved the many and difficult problems devolving upon him, both foreign and domestic, showed him to be one of the greatest diplomats the world has ever known.

The home is one of the bulwarks of the American nation, and in that phase of his life he set an example to all home-loving citizens. The love and devotion which he bestowed upon his invalid wife were touching in the extreme.

He was ever ready to give his service to his country. As a young man he fought gallantly for the maintenance of the Union. In later years, in the halls of Congress, he rendered most valuable and efficient services to his country, and during his occupancy of the Presidential chair he rendered a service to all humanity.

His name will go down in history with the great men of the world. The foundation which he laid is of the enduring kind, and thereon will be built a structure which will be everlasting, a great and glorious nation.

Very truly yours,

James B. Orman,
Governor.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
COLUMBIA.

The greatest glory which can be achieved by mortal man is so to live that when his life is done and he has passed away, his worth as a man, his dignity of character, his simple nobility of mind and heart, his every step in the walk of life, which was to him but the path of duty, shall be pointed out by the Christian mothers of this land to their sons as worthy of emulation. Such a life was that of William McKinley. The lustre of his official career may grow dim with the passing years, his glory as the ruler of a great nation may fade, but his private life, his obedience as a son, his faithfulness as a soldier, his tenderness as a husband and father, will live forever.

Step by step he had gone up the rungs of the ladder of fame until he had reached the height of man's ambition.

It was then that the fatal blow which laid him cold in death was struck—a blow aimed not at him, but at us, at our institutions, at our republican form of government, a blow the object of which was to destroy all government. But ere that fatal blow was struck, the purpose for which he lived had been accomplished, his life-work was done. Under his administration the North and South were more strongly united, not by the cruel and stern decree of war, but by the indissoluble and holy bonds of brotherly love. He had taken up the work where the immortal Grady had laid it down, and the cold, still form of him to whom it had been allowed to contribute so much to this great work was laid to rest in his native soil 'mid the sobs and tears of a united people.

To the South the memory of President McKinley will always be sacred, and our people will ever think of him with feelings of tenderness mingled with reverence. Never will his words, delivered at the Atlanta reunion of the old Confederates, be forgotten here, for there it was that he said he wanted the graves

of our heroic dead to be cared for by the National Government. No petty jealousies rankled in his breast, he was the President of no section or party, but he saw the "glorious future that awaits us if unitedly, wisely, and bravely we face the new problems now pressing upon us, determined to solve them for right and humanity."

He himself had entered that bloody strife as a private and had done his duty as a soldier and as a man, and when the smoke of battle had lifted and the turmoil and din of the strife was over, there was no animosity in his heart against a cause that was forever fallen, and he offered us the hand of friendship and wanted us to be once again his brothers.

All honor to the memory of William McKinley, and may the mourning of a nation in some degree comfort the wife of his bosom.

M. B. McSweeney,
Governor.

State of Kentucky, Executive Office,
Frankfort.

The death of President McKinley is a terrible shock to every American citizen, and nowhere is it more sincerely mourned than in Kentucky. He was a great and a good man. His private life was pure and stainless and worthy the emulation of any man. His public life, even to those who, like myself, differed from him in politics, was a model of patriotism and statesmanship. Big-hearted and broad-minded, he never showed any of that bitterness and prejudice usually engendered by sectional warfare or political contests, and to-day, regardless of political or religious creed, in the South as well as in the North, in the West as well as in the East, the heart of every good American citizen is bowed deep in grief over the death of our honored and beloved President. Especially do we sym-

pathize with his noble wife, to whom his devotion was so loyal and beautiful.

His death teaches us, too, that the most effective measures should be taken to stamp out the disease that caused it—anarchy. National and State legislation should be sufficiently strong to make it impossible for such a pest to exist on American soil, and those who teach assassination and the destruction of government should be treated as public enemies.

J. C. W. Beckham,
Governor of Kentucky.

Jackson, Miss., September 14, 1901.

The people of Mississippi mourn the untimely death of the President. As a tribute of respect the different departments of the State Government have been closed for the day and the flag on the Capitol hung at half-mast.

James T. Harrison,
Lieutenant-Governor and Acting Governor.

State of Louisiana, Executive Department,
Baton Rouge, October 8, 1901.

The life, character, and public services of President McKinley have demonstrated in the highest degree the superiority of our free institutions over those governments where distinctions are limited and these reserved almost exclusively to favored classes. The career of President McKinley, starting from the common plane of the American youth, rising from the ranks in the volunteer army to the grade of major—onward to a Congressional seat, then to the gubernatorial chair of his State, did not culminate with his elevation to the Presidency. He ascended from the Presidency to the loftier sphere of the patriot,

when he sought, and not in vain, to heal the wounds left open by decades of sectional strife. In receiving his death-wound he presented an example of courage, fortitude, magnanimity, and sublime faith in his Creator, which was a fitting apotheosis of a life of devotion to country and home, such as the history of no other nation in ancient or modern times has shown.

Very respectfully,

W. W. HEARD,
Governor.

THE STATE OF WYOMING, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHEYENNE, October 11, 1901.

The heritage of a country, in the example of a great and good man, is a precious boon to those who come after him, as rulers of a land which he loved and honored.

Mr. McKinley served his country on the battle-field, in the halls of Congress, in the highest office of his State, and as President of the United States, and died with no blemish on his character or reputation.

He was a courageous soldier, an able statesman, an honorable President, and an honest man; his private life was pure and above reproach. His kindly heart and his untiring devotion to his country, his family and his friends, has caused him to be loved and respected by the people of the United States as no other citizen has been, for

> "He hath kept the whiteness of his soul,
> And thus men o'er him wept."

If our young men, who will soon be the chosen rulers of this nation, will emulate his example in their private and public lives, we can look forward to a national existence that will be the pride of our own citizens, and the admiration of the civilized world.

DEF. RICHARDS.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ALBANY, October 15, 1901.

It is seldom that a man in public life secures such a hold on the affections of the people as that which our late President obtained during his life. His public life was of such a character as to be above criticism, and his tragic death has but accentuated in the hearts of the American people the virtues which he was known to possess. During his long public career the breath of dishonor never touched him, and his domestic life was as pure as his public record. Outside of these virtues, for which he was loved and for which his memory will be revered, his official acts will perpetuate his fame. It is needless to recapitulate them. His name was closely connected with the economic measures that have done so much to bring about the present era of prosperity, and the history of our Government for the past four years may be written as the history of William McKinley.

B. B. ODELL,
Governor.

PROCLAMATION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
SACRAMENTO.

At this time of a nation's sorrow, the people of the State of California join in the deep grief shared by their fellow-citizens in all the States and Territories of the Union, on account of the sad and untimely death, on the 14th day of September, A.D. 1901, of our grand and good President, William McKinley.

To the list of sacrifices of those whose eminent statesmanship was guided by a devotion to American liberty, and by a sincere love for their fellow-men, our Republic now despondently

adds to the revered and lamented names of Lincoln and Garfield, her beloved son, the martyred William McKinley.

In public testimony of the sorrow of the people of the State of California, for the loss of their illustrious President and noble citizen, William McKinley, I, as the Chief Executive of the State, do hereby order that the flags be placed and kept at half-mast on all the State buildings for thirty days from this date. I do further order that the day which shall hereafter be selected and set apart for the funeral of President McKinley be, and the same is hereby declared to be a public holiday for general prayer and mourning.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of this State to be hereunto affixed, this 14th day of September, A.D. 1901. HENRY T. GAGE,

Governor of the State of California.

Attest: C. F. CURRY,

Secretary of State.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA,

PIERRE, October 10, 1901.

The terrible tragedy enacted in the Music Hall on the Exposition grounds in Buffalo brought the most poignant grief to the civilized world. To every patriotic home his death came with the force of a terrible personal bereavement.

Throughout all history, few men have ever been so universally loved by his countrymen and respected and mourned by the nations of the world.

In history William McKinley will occupy an illustrious position. His exalted character, his Christian fortitude and piety, his patriotism, his splendid achievements will forever be treasured as a most sacred heritage.

He lived and ruled during the most critical period in the

history of our country. Urged on by the mystic forces of unforeseen events he sacredly and successfully directed the course of the nation, when it grandly emerged as a world-power.

The memorable words of Garfield, in his eulogy upon the lamented Lincoln and later applied by McKinley to Garfield, may now fittingly be applied to the martyred McKinley.

"He loved to clutch the Golden Keys,
To mold a mighty State's decree,
And shape the whispers of the throne;
And, moving up, from higher to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a Nation's hope,
The centre of the World's desire."

CHARLES N. HERRIED,
Governor of South Dakota.

STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR,
COLUMBUS, October 15, 1901.

THE CONTINENTAL ASSEMBLY,
Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN: The Governor directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 3d inst., in which you ask for his eulogy on the life and character of the late lamented President, for publication in General Grosvenor's book. Enclosed herewith please find a copy of the remarks delivered by the Governor upon this subject before the Franklin County Bar Association. He desires that this shall be used for your publication.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK N. SINKS,
Private Secretary.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR GEORGE K. NASH AT THE McKINLEY MEMORIAL MEETING OF THE FRANKLIN COUNTY BAR.

Columbus, O., Saturday, September 21, 1901.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It is a privilege which I esteem most highly to be permitted to join with my fellow-members of the bar of Franklin County in doing honor to one of the greatest and most patriotic Presidents the United States ever had.

It is proper that we should do so because the bar of Ohio furnished this man to our country. We all mourn his loss most deeply. We miss him as a friend; we miss him as President, and the State and nation have done all the honor they could in laying his remains away to rest in his beloved city of Canton.

We ought to be thankful that he has left behind him a noble life, which will forever be remembered by the American people. It will be a lesson to all generations to come of the patriotism of a great man. The whole life of William McKinley was devoted to the service of his country. When as a private soldier he trudged over the National Pike from Columbus to Camp Chase, carrying his musket upon his shoulder, he began to teach us that lesson of patriotism. Every act of his during the days of war, from 1861 to 1865, ought to inspire the young men of this country to devote themselves to the nation which he loved so well. When he returned home as other soldiers did, he prepared himself for the bar, was admitted, and during the short period that he engaged in the practice of law he showed himself to be a man who would make an eminent lawyer.

But his love of country called his footsteps in another direction. He became a member of the Congress of the United States.

In that great body he was inspired by the same patriotism which moved him from 1861 to 1865; his every act, his every thought, all his work were for the benefit of his country. Then he became the Governor of our beloved State. As such Governor most of us knew him personally and learned to love him. We loved him because he was a faithful official; because he was upright and honest, and because his every thought was for the benefit of the State which he governed.

The people of the United States learned to know William McKinley as we knew him and they called him to be President of this country. He seems to have been called just at the right moment, as Lincoln was. He was called just as this country was to engage in war with a foreign power. The duties which were thrust upon him were irksome; they were exacting, but the patriotism of William McKinley caused him to discharge every duty in the most faithful manner. Victory soon came for this country, a victory which had been planned by William McKinley; our armies and our navies were guided by his hand, and it was his faithful heart that sustained our flag in every conflict. Complete victory was achieved; a new and a great work was undertaken for the nation.

His plans for the greatness and future growth of our nation had been unfolded, and just then God called him home. In this life which I have briefly epitomized is a monument to the glory of William McKinley more lasting than any that can be devised by the mind or constructed by the hand of man. It will be a lesson which will be studied by the young men of this country for all time. It will teach them to love their country, to love their flag, and cause them to ward off danger from this Republic whenever it may approach.

President McKinley's Last Speech

Delivered September 5, 1901, President's Day, at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo

---

President Milburn, Director-General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I am glad to again be in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good-will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship, and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education, and manufacture, which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the time-keepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise, and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such in-

structs the brain and hand of men. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve, and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture, and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the Powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset, and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but

distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom.

The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the Government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now. We reached General Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had

hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our Capitol, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the Government of the United States brought through our Minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow-citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That

all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect, or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvellous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good-will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This Exposition would

have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition?

Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

The Story of President McKinley's Boyhood by His Mother

I make acknowledgments to Julius Chambers, special correspondent of the *New York Journal*, for the following sketch of President McKinley's boyhood from his mother. It is an inspiration to boys and young men, and to everyone to nobler thought and action. C. H. Grosvenor.

The Mother's Story.

I don't think my bringing up had so very much to do with making my son William the President of the United States. I had six children, and I had all my own work to do. I did the best I could, of course, but I could not devote all of my time to him.

William was naturally a good boy. He was not particularly a good baby. He cried a great deal. He was very bright, and he began to take notice of things very young. He was a healthy boy.

We lived in a country village, and he had plenty of outdoor air and exercise. He was a good boy in school, and his teachers always said he was very bright. He had his little squabbles with his brothers and sisters, I suppose, like all other children. I never paid much attention to that. He was always an obedient boy. He was very affectionate and he was very fond of his home.

We were Methodists, though we never went to the extent of curbing the innocent sports of the children. William was taken to Sunday-school about the same time that he began his studies in the village schoolhouse. He continued to be a faithful attendant every Sunday till he went away to the war. I brought up all my children to understand that they must study and improve their minds.

My ideas of an education were wholly practical, not theoretical. I put the children into school just as early as they could go alone to the teacher, and then kept them at it. I didn't allow them to stay away. As you may imagine, I had little time for their studies, though I kept track of their work in a general way through the reports and their teachers. I did most of the household work, except the washing and ironing, and made nearly all the children's clothes; but I saw that the children were up in the morning, had breakfast, and were promptly ready for school.

That was the way five days of every week began for me. Ours was a hard, earnest life. My husband was always an early riser, and off to his work. I am now speaking of our life in Niles. At Poland he was away from home most of the time, and the whole burden of the family cares fell on me.

We moved to Poland when William was about eleven years old. We went there because the schools were better. My husband was a foundryman, and his work kept him at Niles.

William was a great hand for marbles, and he was very fond of his bow and arrow. He got so that he was a very good shot with the arrow and could hit almost anything that he aimed at. The thing he loved best of all was a kite. It seems to me I never went into the kitchen without seeing a paste-pot or a ball of string, waiting to be made into a kite. He never cared much for pets. I don't believe he ever had one.

We did not own a horse, so he never rode or drove. He was always teasing to go barefooted the minute he came home

from school. In going barefooted, when he stubbed a toe or bruised his foot he was as proud of it as a king in showing the injury to other boys. When summer came he always had a stone bruise, and his shoes came off when the snow was off the ground.

Although William had no taste for fishing, and rarely, if ever, attempted the sport, he was very fond of swimming in the deep pool on Yellow Creek, a little way above the dam. The swimming hole was reached by the left bank of the river, after crossing the bridge, and was shaded by a large black oak that spread its branches far over the water. Here the boys used to go after school on warm summer evenings and splash about in the water for some time.

Our first home in Poland was on the main street, just east of the corner store. It was—and still is—a frame building, painted slate color, and was not as large as the houses we afterward dwelt in. I judge that it has not changed. Our second residence was further down the street, toward the mill, where Dr. Elliott now lives. The third house, now occupied by Mrs. Smithers, was on the opposite side from the other two and had a veranda along the entire front of the house.

William was promptly entered at the seminary, and developed strong inclinations to study. In time he became a member of the literary association in the Poland Union Seminary, as the institution was called, and I frequently heard of his taking part in debates and other literary contests. Mrs. Morse, who was his teacher, says that he excelled in the study of languages, although he was fairly good at figures. I know that he was a constant reader, and by the time he was fifteen he began to read poetry, being especially fond of Longfellow and Whittier, and, I believe, Byron. From this time of his boyhood he gave up most of his sports, except ball playing, swimming, and skating. The boys played ball on the common behind the burying ground and also behind the seminary.

Politically, the McKinleys were stanch abolitionists, and William early imbibed very radical views regarding the enslavement of the colored race. As a mere boy, he used to go to a tannery kept by Joseph Smith and engage in warm controversies on the slavery question. Mr. Smith was a Democrat, and so were several of the workmen about the tannery. These disputes never seemed to have occasioned any ill feeling toward William, because he was always popular with the very men with whom he had the most controversy. This was shown, also, by his being selected as a clerk at the little post office. As William grew older he developed fondness for the society of young women. This was encouraged by me. He had always shown great affection for his sisters, often preferring to remain indoors with them on holidays rather than to join in sports with other boys on the common.

His boyhood days ended when he left home to go to the war. That took him out into the world in the broadest sense. Except a few weeks at Allegheny College, this was his first absence from home.

What do I regard as essential in bringing up a boy to be President? I can scarcely say; there are so many things to teach boys. They should be taught to be honest in dealing with their fellow-men. They should win their respect and confidence. Then, boys should be brought up to love home, if you want to make good men and Presidents, too, of them. The home training, such as is inculcated in the true American home, is a great safeguard to the lads of this country. Boys, to be good men, must be good to their parents. Any boy who wants to be President should be honest and truthful, and he should love his home, his family, and his country. No boy will ever be President who is afraid of hard work. I think religion is a great thing for a boy. I knew William was a bright boy and a good boy, but I never dreamed that he would be President of the United States.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

After all, I don't believe I did raise the boy to be President. I tried to bring up the boy to be a good man, and that is the best that any mother can do. The first thing I knew, my son turned around and began to raise me to be the mother of a President.

PRAYER FOR PRESIDENT McKINLEY IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., BY REV. DR. HENRY R. NAYLOR.

O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, a bereaved nation cometh to Thee in its deep sorrow. To whom can we go in such an hour as this but unto Thee? Thou only art able to comfort and support the afflicted. Death strikes down the tallest and best of men, and consequent changes are continually occurring among nations and communities. But we have been taught that Thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; that with Thee there is no variableness nor the least shadow of turning. So in the midst of our grief we turn to Thee for help.

We thank Thee, O Lord, that years ago Thou didst give to this nation a man whose loss we mourn to-day. We thank Thee for the pure and unselfish life he was enabled to live in the midst of so eventful an experience. We thank Thee for the faithful and distinguished services which he was enabled to render to Thee, to our country, and to the world. We bless Thee for such a citizen, for such a lawmaker, for such a Governor, for such a President, for such a husband, for such a Christian example, and for such a friend.

But, O Lord, we deplore our loss to-day; we sincerely implore Thy sanctifying benediction. We pray Thee for that dear one who has been walking by his side through the years, sharing his triumphs and partaking of his sorrows. Give to her all needed sustenance and the comfort her stricken heart so greatly craves. And under the shadow of this great calamity may she

learn as never before the fatherhood of God and the matchless character of His sustaining grace.

And, O Lord, we sincerely pray for him upon whom the mantle of Presidential authority has so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen. Help him to walk worthy the high vocation whereunto he has been called. He needs Thy guiding hand and Thine inspiring spirit continually. May he always present to the nation and to the world divinely illumined judgment, a brave heart, and an unsullied character.

Hear our prayer, O Lord, for the official family of the administration, those men who are associated with Thy servant, the President, in the administration of affairs of government; guide them in all their deliberations to the nation's welfare and the glory of God.

And now, Lord, we humbly pray for Thy blessing and consolation to come to all the people of our land and nation. Forgive our past shortcomings, our sins of omission as well as our sins of commission. Help us to make the Golden Rule the standard of our lives, that we may "do unto others as we would have them do unto us," and thus become indeed a people whose God is the Lord.

These things we humbly ask in the name of Him who taught us when we pray to say: "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever, amen.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S EULOGY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

To-day the grave closes over the man that had been chosen by the people of the United States to represent their sovereignty, to protect and defend their Constitution, to faithfully execute the laws made for their welfare, and to safely uphold the integrity of the Republic.

He passes from the public sight not bearing the wreaths and garlands of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation. The whole nation loved their President. His kindly disposition and affectionate traits, his amiable consideration for all around him, will long be in the hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them, "It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping."

First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the students to-day of our university. They are not obscure nor difficult. The man who is universally mourned to-day was not deficient in education, but with all you will have of his grand career and his services to his country, you will not hear that what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. He was an obedient and affectionate son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest, and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted

as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral, and clean in every relation of life.

There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. If we are to escape further attacks upon our peace and security, we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teaching and the practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws.

By the memory of our martyred President let us resolve to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet the call of patriotic duty in every time of our country's danger or need.

Some Time We'll Understand

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, some time, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken thread again,
And finish what we here began;
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah, then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, some time, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand.
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes there, up there, we'll understand.

CHORUS.

Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Some time, some time, we'll understand.

The foregoing verses, most appropriate to the occasion, were so touchingly sung by Mrs. T. L. Noyes at the funeral services in the Rotunda of the Capitol as our late President's remains rested there, that all who heard her, including the great men of our land, were melted to tears.

Last Words of Famous Men and Women

"Good-by all. It is God's way—His will, not ours, be done."—William McKinley (1843–1901).

The dying words of great men are of especial significance at this time, when all the world is reverently discussing the death of President McKinley and the words of Christian resignation with which he bade farewell to life:

Adams, John (1735–1826), American statesman: "Jefferson survives."

Adams, John Quincy (1767–1848), American statesman: "This is the last of earth! I am content!"

Beethoven, Ludwig (1770–1827), German composer: "I shall hear now!" (He was deaf.)

Bozzaris, Markos (1790–1823), Greek patriot: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

Brontë, Charlotte (1816–1855), English novelist: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy!" (To her husband.)

Brooks, Phillips (1835–1893), American clergyman: "Katie, you may go; I shall not need you any more. I am going home."

Buckland, Francis (1826–1880), English naturalist: "I am going on a long journey, and I shall see many strange animals by the way."

Burke, Edmund (1730–1797), English statesman: "God bless you."

Burns, Robert (1759–1796), Scottish poet: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."

Byron, Lord (1788–1824), English poet: "I must sleep now."

Calvin, John (1509–1564), Protestant reformer: "Thou, Lord, bruisest me; but I am abundantly satisfied, since it is from Thy hand."

Chalmers, Thomas (1780–1847), Scottish divine: "A general good-night."

Charles I. of England (1600–1649): "Remember."

Charles II. of England (1630–1685): "Don't let poor Nelly (Nell Gwynne) starve."

Chesterfield, Lord (1694–1773), English courtier: "Give the doctor a chair."

Columbus, Christopher (1440–1506), Italian navigator: "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

Cowper, William (1731–1800), English poet: "Feel? I feel unutterable, unutterable despair. What does it signify?"

Cromwell, Oliver (1599–1658), English statesman: "My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone."

De Staël, Madame (1766–1817), French authoress: "I have loved my God, my father, and liberty."

Eliot, George (1820–1880), English novelist: "Tell them [the doctors] I have a great pain in the left side."

Franklin, Benjamin (1706–1790), American philosopher: "A dying man can do nothing easy."

Frederick the Great of Prussia (1712–1786): "We are over the hill. We shall go better now."

Gilbert, Sir Humphrey (1539–1583), English navigator: "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809–1898), British statesman: "Amen."

Goethe (1749–1832), German poet: "Open the shutters and let in more light."

Greeley, Horace (1811–1872), American journalist: "It is done."

Hale, Nathan (1755–1776), American patriot: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Havelock, Henry (1795–1857), English general: "Tell my son to come and see how a Christian can die."

Henry, Patrick (1736–1810), American orator and patriot: "Here is a book [the Bible] worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it. It is now too late. I trust in the mercy of God."

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809–1894), American poet and prose writer: "That is better, thank you." (To his son, who had just assisted him to his favorite chair.)

Humboldt, Frederick (1769–1859), German savant and traveller: "How grand these rays! They seem to beckon earth to heaven."

Jefferson, Thomas (1743–1826), American statesman: "I resign my spirit to God and my daughter to my country."

Josephine (1763–1814), Empress of France: "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!"

Julian (331–363), Roman Emperor: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

Keats, John (1795–1821), English poet: "I feel the daisies growing over me."

Latimer, Hugh (1472–1555), English reformer: "Be of good cheer, brother; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as I trust shall never be extinguished." (To Nicholas Ridley, who was burned with him.)

Lawrence, James (1781–1813), American naval officer: "Don't give up the ship."

Louis XIII. of France (1601–1643): "There come to me thoughts that torment me."

Louis XIV. of France (1638–1715): "I thought dying had been harder."

Louis XVIII. of France (1755–1824): "A king should die standing."

Louise of Prussia (1776–1810): "I am a Queen, but have not power to move my arms."

Marie Louise (1791–1847), Empress of France: "I will not sleep; I wish to meet death wide awake."

Marie Antoinette (1755–1793), Queen of France: "Farewell, my children, forever; I go to your father."

Marion, Francis (1732–1795), American general: "Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to anyone."

Moody, Dwight L. (1837–1899), American evangelist: "Earth is receding; heaven is approaching; God is calling me."

Napoleon (1769–1821), Emperor of France: "Head of the army."

Napoleon III. of France (1803–1873): "Were you at Sedan?" (To Dr. Conneau.)

Nelson, Horatio (1758–1805), English admiral: "I thank God I have done my duty."

Palmer, John (1740–1798), English actor: "There is another and better world."

Pitt, William (1759–1806), English statesman: "Oh, my country, how I love thee!"

Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552–1618), English courtier and navigator: "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" (To his executioner.)

Roland, Madame (1754–1793), French lady: "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Scott, Sir Walter (1771–1832), Scottish poet and novelist: "I feel as if I were to be myself again. God bless you all."

Scott, Winfield (1786–1866), American general: "James, take good care of the horse."

Sidney, Sir Philip (1622–1683), English patriot: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."

Thurlow, Edward (1732–1806), English lawyer: "I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying!"

Vane, Henry (1612–1662), English statesman: "Ten thousand deaths for me ere I stain the purity of my conscience."

Washington, George (1732–1799), American general and statesman: "It is well. I am about to die, and I look upon it with perfect resignation."

Webster, Daniel (1782–1852), American statesman: "I still live."

Wellington, Duke of (1769–1852), British general and statesman: "Yes, if you please." (To a servant asking if he would have some tea.)

Wesley, John (1703–1791), English divine: "The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell."

Wilson, Daniel (1778–1858), English theologian: "Sleep! I am asleep already; I am talking in my sleep."

Wolfe, James (1726–1759), English general: "What, do they run already?"

Addendum

Times-Mirror, Los Angeles, Cal.

The President is dead.

William McKinley is no more.

The kindly heart of the good President is stilled forever.

This is a superlative tragedy. It is the nation's loss—the world's loss; for humanity at large is the loser in the death of this great and noble man.

To the American people, who loved him, and whom he loved, this sad and most pitiful taking-off comes with the shock of personal bereavement. And it is a personal bereavement to all of us who are true Americans. He was our President and our friend—the friend of all. To no man has it ever been given to enjoy so fully, so completely, so unreservedly, the love, the confidence, the esteem, of his countrymen.

It seems well-nigh impossible that we can be reconciled to this loss of our beloved Chief. The loss is irreparable, and the great heart of the nation feels that it is so.

That William McKinley, of all men, should suffer death at the hands of an assassin seems a thing too monstrous for belief. If ever a good man lived upon this earth, it was he. It is not believable that he ever harbored a thought of ill against any man, or knowingly injured any person.

But, while the public life of William McKinley has been one unbroken line of noble endeavor and superb achievement, it has been equalled by the sublime virtues of his private life. As the modest, manly citizen, the devoted husband, the patriotic American, he was a model for all men. Nothing in human affairs could have been more touching than his devotion to the sweet but fragile woman who has been the sharer of his joys and his sorrows. To her, he was as the oak to the vine; the staff to the weary and wayworn traveller; the buoy of hope and strength to one buffeting with the sea. And it is one of the most touching phases of this terrible tragedy of the nation that he was her support and comfort, even while he was passing through the valley of the shadow of death. "God's will, not ours, be done." No words uttered by a man with the touch of death already upon him could be more sublime.

The American people are slow to anger, but they will not forget nor forgive this wanton and atrocious crime.

104244

E
711.6
G76

Grosvenor, Charles H.
William McKinley, his life and work.

limited access

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
E711.6.G76
William McKinley, his life and work,

0 00 01 0095490 8